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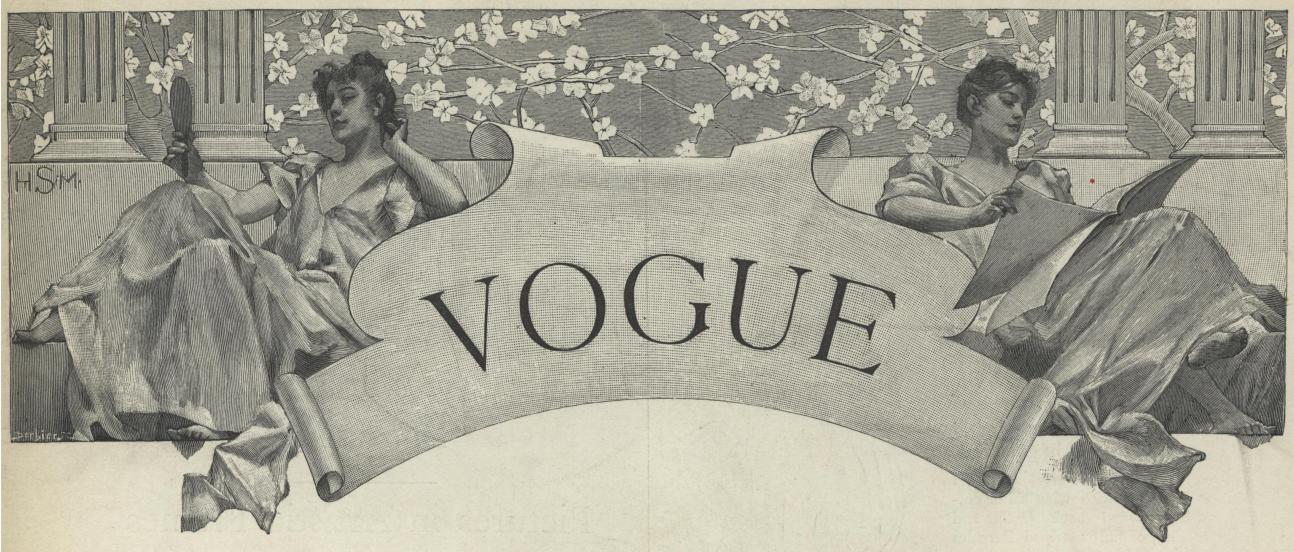

DRIVING A BARGAIN

JESS :—I struck a bargain to-day; a pug dog, harness and long chain, all for three dollars.
JACK :—When do you begin driving your bargain?

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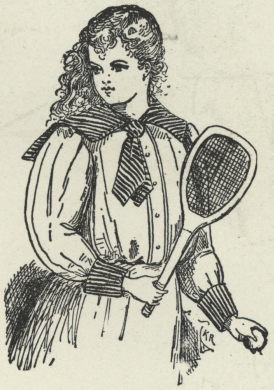

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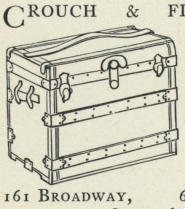

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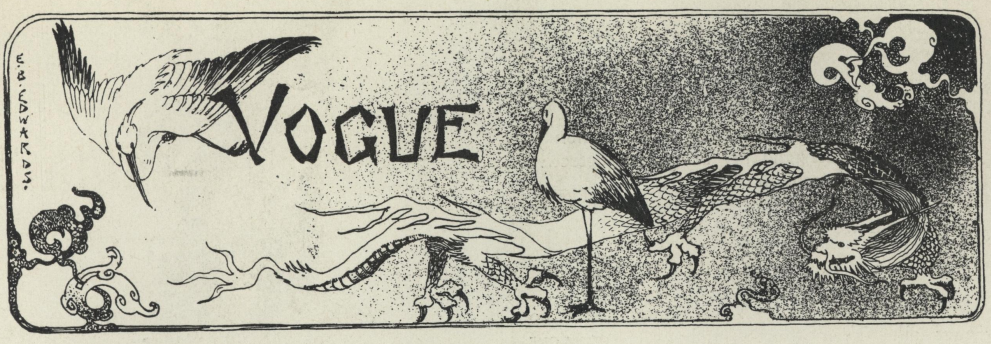

HER EASTER HAT

HEr Easter Hat is fine and rare,
And dainty too, beyond compare,
Gay figures all its trimmings fleck,
Its velvet bands caress her neck,
And ribbons bright nod in the air.

Crowning her shining golden hair
Its graces all my heart ensnare,
Bewitched am I, and little reck
Of the gay figures on the check
That I must draw, so she can wear
Her Easter Hat.

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NOT MISUNDERSTOOD

GUEST (Chicagoensis, wearing large diamond): "I trust you understand my bringing a detective with me to your reception?"

HOSTESS: "Oh, perfectly. You could easily be acquitted if we missed anything."

SEMPER PARATA

MISS MANHATTAN: "Your family tree is no tree at all. Your great grandmother on your father's side isn't even mentioned."

MISS LAKES: "Oh, you see, my great grandfather was an old bachelor."

SLOW TIME THERE

REV. DR. LAKE: "We are distinctly told that in the future state there will be no marriage, nor giving in marriage."

MRS. YOUNG DE PARTED: "Oh, ho; that explains why 'one day will be as a thousand years.'"

THE REWARD OF PERSISTENCE

ETTA: "Do you really think Jennie has got the right man?"

MINNIE: "I should hope so! She's been engaged seven times, you know!"

A WIDOW'S GRIEVANCE

MRS. DIX: "The law doesn't treat a woman fairly."

MRS. HICKS: "In what respect?"

MRS. DIX: "She is recognized as a man's better half; but if he happens to die, it cuts her down to a third."

HOME DISCIPLINE

PETER PAWLING, SR.: "Out after hours again, hey?"

PETER PAWLING, JR.: "Only ten minutes late."

PETER PAWLING, SR.: "Go at once to your room, sir, lock yourself in, and bring me the key. This thoughtlessness must be checked."

SPOONS—DIVORCE—ALIMONY

DE STOCKYARDS GUFF: "The spoon-collecting fad has gone out in Chicago."

WILLIAM ANN: "What are the women collecting now?"

DE STOCKYARDS GUFF: "Alimony checks."

A CHECK MATE

PENELOPE: "Does he write poems."

PERDITA: "No, I don't believe he ever wrote anything but a check in his life."

PENELOPE: "Accept him."

1830—TRAVESTY

THE DEAR GIRLS

AMY: "Didn't you tell Sue to go upstairs, and compose herself?"

MABEL: "Yes."

AMY: "Well, she's about finished. She's put on her hair, jabbed her teeth in her mouth, and is now laying on her complexion."

HE WAS VERY SAVING

OLD TOLLIVER: "Look at young Workhard, sir. He saved his money at college. What did you save, sir?"

YOUNG TOLLIVER (calmly but impressively): "I saved my brains, sir."

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OF INTEREST TO HER

THere is very little of interest to anybody now going on in New York. Just as the weather is growing comparatively mild, and, thanks to a deluge of rain, the streets are comparatively clean, there is a general exodus for Florida. Those who were wise enough to go a month earlier, and have thus escaped the cyclones and snow mountains of February and early March, are much to be congratulated; but why New Yorkers, who have four months of tropical weather in the summer time to endure, should find pleasure in donning summer clothes and enduring the thermometer at 85° so long in advance, and when the loveliest spring zephyrs are likely to prevail at home, is more than any one can understand. The Ponce de Leon Hotel at St. Augustine offers many indulgences, it is true, and very many persons travel all that distance for the mere enjoyment of its gardens, porches, Alhambra-like court-yards and fountains, its cushioned divans and luxurious cuisine. As a recent writer has said, "it is as if some modern Haroun-al-Raschid had deserted his own royal palace and allowed it to be turned into a hotel."

But now that we have a hotel in our very midst more superb in its furnishings than any royal residence in Europe or Asia, it is hardly necessary to travel thousands of miles in order "to take one's ease in one's inn." The opening of the Hotel Waldorf with a most tremendous splurge, on the 14th, was, of course, an event in the history of hostelries—but old New Yorkers must, of necessity, have felt a pang of regret that the wealth and importance of a family which, like the Astors, is identified with the earliest history of the country, were to be commemorated by the raising of a mammoth hotel. Had it been a college endowed, in memory of his forefathers, by the young man who represents the elder branch of the family, and whose wealth, thanks to them, is almost beyond the limits of calculation, or a great hospital, where human suffering was to be alleviated and medical and surgical science advanced, or a church, or a library, or a thousand other things that the poor crave and the rich might be proud to give, the vast concourse of New York's best people who were present at the concert and supper would have blessed him in their hearts. But, gaudy and expensive decorations and furnishings in steamboats and hotels are too much a matter of course in this country for the Waldorf to excite one spark of enthusiasm or surprise; in spite of its having secured a good deal of advance advertising.

"Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,
And murmuring bees your name repeat."

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"IN THE MORNING THE SIGHT OF HER BRIGHTENS THE SUN"

Indeed, I saw many gray-haired men and women turn from the small apartment which is said to be an exact reproduction of the late John Jacob Astor's dining-room—in the hospitable mansion which stood on the very spot where the gigantic Waldorf now rears its eleven stories of frowning ugliness—with a sneer and a sigh, recalling, no doubt, as they did, the many banquets they had enjoyed at that luxurious board, and wondering why the only son of the house should have chosen such an unworthy method of doing honor to his parents' memory.

Having, alas! reached the age when I am more frequently asked to be god-mother than bridesmaid, and having been endowed by Dame Fortune with money enough to give me the reputation of being rich, my mind is often sore perplexed as to the most suitable present to bestow upon the infant in whose name I am requested to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Whether the contents of jewelers' vast collections of priceless and sometimes valueless trinkets can properly be called either pomps or vanities I am not prepared to say—but certain it is, that christening gifts are almost always bought there. And in search of one I wandered for an hour, last week, through a vast emporium, and examined all its treasures. I looked at rattles with silver bells and coral mountings, and wondered how many babies had bitten off those silver bells and choked themselves to death by swallowing them; and how many had destroyed their sight with the sharp branch of coral that projects from one end of these foolish baubles. Then I crossed to the silver counter and examined the array of mugs, cups and bowls that were spread out before me. And I thought how much fresher and sweeter the milk would taste from a porcelain cup, and how unsuited the silver and gold were to the purity and freshness of babyhood. Silver spoons and forks were suggested—but as the young mother, a bride of twelve months since, has more spoons and forks than she can find house room for, why should I add to her burdens and perplexities by giving her more to look after? So I went home, having purchased nothing, and put on my thinking cap before a bright fire—and the result was that the next day I opened a bank account for my four weeks old god-son, for a sum that will be

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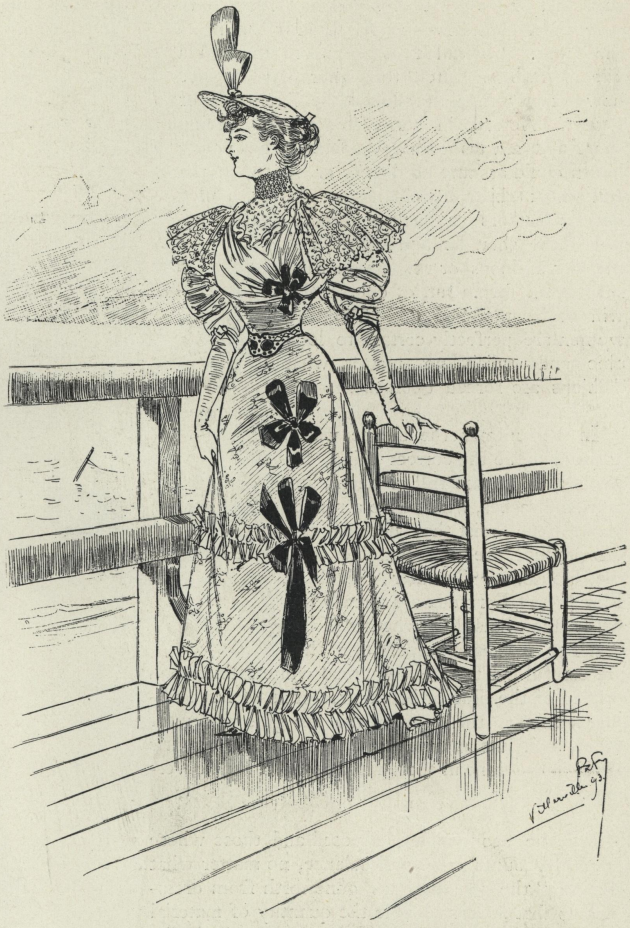
very acceptable, be he poor or rich, when the time comes for him to make a start in life; and I decided in my own mind, that should I ever again have a god-daughter, for whom to provide pomps and vanities, the only thing outside of the bank account that I would allow myself to consider would be old and filmy lace. Neither moth nor rust can corrupt it, and it would prove far less attractive to thieves than gold or silver plate—and how beautiful it is when made by the skilful fingers of those wonderful Belgian women, and how priceless it will be when taken out of its wrappings for the maiden's bridal outfit! So, I am quite determined now, and shall never again cudgel my brains to select a christening present.

And while talking about these social taxes, in the way of wedding, christening, and birthday presents, I am inclined to recommend a little case that I saw the other day, which had been sent from Vienna, for one of our April brides. It was inexpensive, at least, comparatively so, and contained two dozen gold pins of various sizes, for toilet use. Some of them quite small, and made entirely of the precious metal, others graduating in size, with heads of precious stones—pearls, turquoises, rubies, sapphires, and one pair with diamond heads of quite considerable size. They looked very pretty, arranged in rows on white velvet, and are certain to be useful; and best of all, they possess the inestimable virtue of appearing to have cost more than they actually did.



DAINTY AND FAIR AS A SPRING-TIME FLOWER

WHAT SHE WEARS

IF the "prize" hat in the New York Herald, were really to decide the form and style of the Easter head-gear, theatregoers would tear their hair in anguish, as it represents one of the largest constructions and the most loaded with ornaments that New York women have ever worn. But I confess to having very little faith in prizes of any sort. How they are decided, or what jury sits upon the merits of the thing contended for, I know not, but I never saw anything emanating from a newspaper prize or puzzle that was original or valuable. The contests for deciding the winners at future races, are a delusion and a snare. The unfortunate man or woman who goes in for these contests, loses his or her breakfast every morning in order to select, put-up, stamp and post their varying combination every day for three months or more, and when the winner is proclaimed, it is invariably found to be some unknown individual living in an unknown district, who is supposed to have selected the first three winning horses, at dawn of the opening day of the contest. The continual success of obscure people is, to say the least, remarkable. But be the Virginia girl, who designed the hat, who she may, she has a very pretty face to show beneath the structure of lace, feathers and flowers, and every girl who has as pretty a one will undoubtedly commend the hat.

Early Victorian fashions (as they are called in England) a better name by the way, than fashions of 1830, which is about a decade too early for the

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particular modes that dressmaking artists have now under consideration, are certainly coming to the front. I smiled as I looked through a pile of fashion plates, the other day, to see how exactly they reproduced the likenesses of Queen Victoria in her early youth. Being short and always rather shapeless, the young queen could assume no dignity or grace, in the full short skirt, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, puffed out by feathers or buckram under sleeves, between the shoulder and elbow, and the hair in loops or ringlets on each side of the face. But, of course, this will all be modified and American women are perfectly certain to look chic and stylish, no matter what fashions are forced upon them.

In the summer the blouse waists are sure to be the correct thing, foi the best shops are full of them, and belts and sashes, which give a roundness to the waist that nothing else can produce, are indispensable with the blouse. "Summer girls" in Florida and Bermuda are already out with sailor hats, but whether of last year's or this year's importation they are careful not to tell. A broad white satin ribbon instead of the blue or black gros-grain of last summer encircles the crown, and the girls who wear them, look just as cute and cunning, as pretty girls always have done in these fetching little head coverings.

For the economically disposed and those whose "bank accounts never will balance, no matter what they do," the fiat that has gone forth from dressmakers that at least double the quantity of material is required for a lady's gown, as sufficed last year, is to say the least depressing. One gown in place of two, is the virtuous resolve of the impecunious one. But with Newport and Narragansett looming up in the near future how difficult to make and still more difficult to carry out this resolution. "We must manage to save on something else," was decided at a conclave of ladies over their cup of fragrant tea, a few afternoons since. "We might economize on bathing gowns. They always cost a great deal, and it is really quite unnecessary to have the skirts so full or the sleeves so big." And with this wise conclusion they smiled unanimously and looked quite content.

NOTHING INTENTIONAL

MISS PINKERLY: "That's something new in neckties, isn't it, Mr. Tutter?"
MR. TUTTER (proudly): "Yes. It has just come in."
MISS PINKERLY: "I wonder how long it will stay?"

THE RESULT OF HOME INFLUENCE

PROFESSOR: "I am sorry, Mr. Isaacs, but your son will be graduated with the lowest possible percentage."

MR. ISAACS: "Dher noble boy! I haf taught him to keep avay from high perzents."

A HOWLING SWELL

TATTERED TOGS: "I see by dis fashion paper dat it is correct form in London now to go about followed by a dog."

RUMPLED RAGS: "Jee Whiz! Den I wuz a howling swell dis morning."

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JOLLY EIGHTEEN

"Her life is a rapture of love and of laughter."

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VARIETIES OF THE

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EASTER BUTTERFLY

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AS TOLD IN SECRET

BY THE MARQUISE

OF course it was a grand wedding. Mamma would listen to nothing else; and Uncle Jim, who had spent a season or two in London, knew just how to do the thing with that happy little finishing touch which marks the perfection of taste. Besides, a Marquis, you know,—the genuine article! . . . .

I could scarcely bring myself to realize that the grand epoch of my life was come. It was at the garden party of the distinguished Mrs. Binn-Binton, under the flashlight glamors of Newport, that he was presented to me. I had more than half given dear George a promise to be his own, some day; and he had started off on an engineering tour through Mexico, with two or three Jacque buds nestling upon his heart. But ah, who dreamt that I was so soon to be the object of a real Marquis's adorations? Is not the world amusing? Heigh-ho! and love, ... what a stupidity—in some people!

But was not the Marquis charming, then? Not handsome, but with such an air of vested authority; of ten generations of excellent breeding, as if he could not do an ungallant thing, were he to perish for want of it. And then those eyes: what a horizon for the infinite reflections of a young maiden's fancy! how responsive to that confused but divine yearning of the girlish heart that throbs in the shadow of a great man's love!

I think I could have withstood all this, however,—even these flattering attentions by the reigning social lion, those delicious compliments, that quiet hand-pressure, persuasive and audacious—in the whirl of a seaside season; but when I ran off for a month's browning on Uncle Jim's Montana ranch, and the Marquis gave up his pleasures and followed, I wavered. What undecided, half-won susceptible could withstand being chased three thousand miles (and nearly half of it on bronco-back), by a son of the nobility of France, and not yield to this crowning tribute to her interest—not to mention her principal? Nay, not I; often as I had been told by lorn-eyed Italian countesses et al. that a cross-eyed digger-Indian squaw was too good for the best of titled foreigners . . . . often as came a sickening of conscience—for I had a conscience then, since departed, I fear—when I dreamt of poor George, taking angles among the greasers of Mexico.

It all went like a dream—more or less like a nightmare now and then to be accurate,—dazzling, full of new, strange and varied sensations and exultations; but headachy, and—what shall I say?—incomparably ridiculous at times. In the first place, Honoré and I were obliged, by the limitations of his English and the idiocy of my French, to turn our thrilling drama of love into pantomime

BY THE MARQUIS

OF course I did lofe her! Pourquoi non? She was most amiable, and sree millìon, mark you—sree whole millìon—not francs: sapristi! non—dollairs, monsieur. How much vill not efen ze scion of ze mos' illustrious clan de France lofe for fifteen millìon francs? . . . Hein!

Ze wedding? Eet vas une affaire tres grande; mais too moch comme le bourgeoisie—like ze trades-man wedding in ze Rue du Temple—eferysing so new, bizarre. Money, money eferywhere; eet run like ze champagne. An' ze flowairs, museek, an' zen ze people—clairks, cowboz, politicians in ze w'ite wais'coat an' buttons of corail rouge—mon Dieu!

I deed meet her in ze Newpairt sree year ago. Ah, she vas beautiful! You know vell ze type Americaine—certainement; eet is famous. Ah, soch eyes she had! I lookèd shrough zem dans le ciel, my frien'. I sought zey mus' speak all ze day of l'amour célèste; but ah! ze same eyes—zey speak le feu d'enfer, monsieur—oui!

Let me tell you ze whole from ze beginning. One time, long ago, I return from Paree to mon chateau at Corbeil, to find ma bonne mère in tears. She say to me, "Honoré, you have lostèd all your own, an' half of my fortune. Bien! You mus' humble yoursel'. You mus' follow tes confrères illustre, go to ze United State, an' make wan marriage wiz wan millìon franc heirèss." I say, "But my deah mozair, c'est impossible. What vill say my belofèd Anée, and Hortense, and——" "Tut, tut!" she say. "I vill sell my jewèl, an' you shall calm vos bonnes amies Parisienne, an' go as I say. Mais, mauvais sujet, mind! ef you come back wizout ze heirèss wiz at least a millìon franc, à bas wiz your menus plaisirs forevair!"

So, wiz her ten sousan' franc I stake for wan millìon. I say to mysel', "Honoré, wan may make moch monee at baccarat, but wan mus' firs' know how. Ze Serpent, he know how; I, being un enfant célèste, know not. V'la! Beside, ze baccarat ees no respectair of ze nobilitay of France: quite ze contrairy, in fac'. An' so, say I, here ees une petite poissonnaille wot haf fifteen millìon; she ees bettair zan ze baccarat, for she haf a respec' for ze nobilitay of France. V'la! Wiz my ten sousand franc, wan ancien' an' honorable name, and a leetle red dictionar', I plungèd on to victory. Zey say zat she haf wan lofair in ze Mexico. Ah, well; I also haf fife in my belofed Paree. Wot of zat? Zees life ees wan of sacrifice—n'est pas? . . . . Bien!

Vell, I take myself, my leetle dictionnaire rouge an' my wife to my chateau ancien in ze glorious France. Ze voyage?—ah, mon Dieu! eet was

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"And, wiz an ol' spinet, play an' seeng ze songs American w'ich she herself translate."

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most of the time, all of which is good enough in the first flush of a new-found love. But there soon comes a time when the language of sighs and fan-taps, glances and hand-claspings must give way to words; and what is more, words that mean something—those tender tokens of companionship, without which married life becomes insufferable. When our mutual admirations were ripening into love, the Marquis used to carry a little red dictionary in the crown of his hat, into which he buried his nose a great deal. When we became madly in love, we had no use for dictionaries; but on the third day of the honeymoon that little symbol of Satan came from his hiding, and was consulted with still greater zeal. Ah, my dears! Do you not see? The glamor was fading; the gilding was peeling from the frame; and the portrait which looked so symmetrical and human was, after all, only the thickness of several layers of paint.

We sailed for France. Of course, the grand old chateau at Corbeil was one that a young and imaginative mind, developed among things of painful newness, could but revel in. There were battlemented towers, nightly strolled by delightful old Louis XIII ghosts and malaria in equal quantities; empty moats with bald-pated lizards, a forest full of owls that wore goggles, and whose "Woe! woe!" was a premonition of what was to come. And the dear old lady, the Marquis's mother—how I venerated her! Daily, in her battered old coach, she rumbled in and out of the tesselated, moss-grown court, the picture of one of the imperial ladies modeled from a Watteau cup and vivified. And how she adored Honoré! I loved her dearly for it.

The Marquis soon developed a vast amount of business in Paris. I could not understand it. And yet, I was not lonesome. It was so novel and pleasing for a child of a new republic to wander about amid these relics of old-time noblesse—these solemn, haunted chambers, furnished with little else than legends—whose patriarchal crickets even seemed to speak oracles, and the venerable woods, whose big-wig bees seemed to have stored up traditions rather than honey in their hives. To please Honoré, I found some quaint old costumes in one of the dark cloisteral pockets of the castle, and, decked out in the quaint frills and laces, sang and played for him. But my remittances would arrive, and lo! he would disappear for another two weeks or more, till I began to chafe, and be miserable. Browsing among old parchment books I could not read, talking to quaint old portraits who refused to respond to my pert criticisms, masquerading with the knights of the elder Philippe, and pantomiming with the dear old lady, rather palled. The old men courtiers, squeaking voiced and pompous, with decorated coats of Napoleonic cut, promenaded the terrace, drank sour wine from thick gaudy terrible. But eet was only in mon grand castel zat my belofed she show her couleurs de feu, an' how unfeet to be la maîtresse of ze lofely chateau of ze noble Louis Treize. But, she was mad wiz joy. She run like ze marmot avec sa tête coupée. Ah, you shute haf seen her, mon ami! From ze top of zee grand towairs, where she did twice nearly breakèd her beautifu' w'ite neck, to le bois where she seet an' read ze lofe-poéms of ze canaille Englishman, she go like ze crickèt, not like ze higg-liff Madame la Marquise. An' I? . . . . mon Dieu! I see nossing of her. My frien's come—one, two, ten, feefty: ze militaire, Monsieur le Prefet—all, an' zey sink my wife a wil'-west show. She gif ze whole town convulsions wiz her antèeks. Ze journals zey gif efery day somesing zat she do me, and sree times I must meet messieurs les editeurs on ze fiel' of honair for some caricature. An' my poor mozair—ah, pauvre Madame! She loosèd seigs poun', monsieur, in wan week—wan! Now she cry, an' now she laugh to hystereeks. One day my wife make her somesing avec la glace, and Gaut know what else: I sink she call eet wan "Vassair cooktail." . . . V'la! my mozair she go to bet for seigs weeks! . . . .

In ze ancien' chest in ze dark chambairs w'ere no humans (excep's ze pig Prussians!) haf efer been since Napoleon, she find ze costumes of les grande dames of ze las' siècle, in w'ich she masquerate, and wiz an ol' spinet, play an' seeng ze songs Americain w'ich she herself translate. For instance, wan w'ich go,

> "Elle est ma Annày,
> Je suis sa beau! etc."

Ah, Dieu! . . . zen wan w'ich go also:

> Comrats! comrats!
> Depuis que nous furout garçons—

And zen she haf ze naïveté charmant to say to my mozair, "Mon Dieu, Madame, j'aime plus de tout le monde les pig's knuckles!"—efen more as me, I belief. Zen she would compliment my mozair on her accént—wat you sink! and efery day in ze costume of ze monarchie, ride ze bicycle till ze canaille zey fall down een feets!

Vell, as you may sink, zis was all bearàble for a time; zen it grow—comment vous dites?—tiredness. Hein! I begeen again to amuse mysel', an' la Marquise, she stay at ze chateau, an' continue to shock ze old chevaliers of ze régime impérial, an' ask zem wherefore zey wear zem "gimcracks" on zair lapels—ah, Saint George! zem decorations of honair wat costèd la belle France whole rivairs of sang illustre!

My vife she grow despondènt w'en I find no more pleasure in her pleasures. Et pourquoi? She haf my mozair, les gentilhommes of ze école impérial, her belofed ghosts, her Pompadour costumes, and her fool poèt Anglais, wiz ze rest of her "comrats." What more she want? Besite,

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"Vell, who would be wan of ze noblesse, she mus' pay."

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goblets, and played Boston for ten sous a corner, till the life grew immeasurably stale, and I began to wonder more and more of the Marquis . . . And then those letters from cousin Will—"Poor George is back from Mexico, brokenhearted!" . . . and from Uncle Jim—"You must be going at the pace that kills. This makes fourteen thousand since the first!" . . . And still the cowled old owls cried "Woe! woe!" . . .

One day, perceiving my growing melancholy, the dear old lady approached me on the terrace and said, "My child, I wish that you spoke French better, I would to tell you much . . . so much!" Then she would cast her eyes over in the direction of that leaden cloud which hung right over Paris on the horizon. Mystified, like a true American, I set about to ascertain what it was that she deemed expedient I should know. Well, I found it. I was wild, furious! And why not? Then the good old mediator would say, "My child, do not wives in your country allow their husbands to amuse themselves? You must not take matters so to heart—really you must not. It makes wrinkles!" . . .

And now, calamity on calamity! Dear Uncle Jim is gone—the only one in whom I could understandingly confide. We are on our way to the reading of the will. I understand he has left me another fortune for the Marquis to squander on his "menus plaisirs," as he calls them. . . . Heigh-ho! I saw poor George yesterday, the shadow of the former hero, like a neglected pawn on a human chess-board. I wonder if he has forgiven me? I have not.

Do you understand, my dear? Is it not horrible? . . .

I am a Frenchmàn. You understan'? Ze Frenchman, ef he do not amuse himsel', he contract ze ennui; w'en he contract ze ennui, he get seek in ze het: an' zen he blow hees brains out—poom! Mais, c'est ça! I am too good for zat. I haf ze blut of ze grandeur of France. Mes ancêstres—Dieu leur bénisse!—zey had ze privilege to amuse zemsel's. Besites, I cannot alvays lofe alone ze beautiful petite poissonnaille who put sugair in her Chateau La Fitte, an' milk in her café-noir. Non! Bah!

Vell, ve hat wan grand quarrail; but my mozair she take my belofed upon ze terrace, an' she tell her zat ze life of ze nobleman in France is not zat of ze cowboy on ze prairie, an' zat ze Frenchman's glory ees to lofe; and wisout lofe he die. V'la! W'at more naturel—more distingué for a Marquis, pray?

And now ve air on our vay to Montana to embrace sree million more francs w'ich her Uncle Jamès haf lef' her. Bien! Tant mieux! I haf good use for zat.

Tiens! You haf ze storày. W'at can I do? I cannot please zis woman wiz ze sentiment of ze bourgeoisie, an' she refuse to amuse hersel'. À bas, vos paysans! Wan may make une belle Americaine la Marquise; mais, sapristi! eet take more as ze nobilitay of France to make her clevair. Vell, who vould be wan of ze noblesse, she mus' pay. Ve com' high, comme vous dites, mon ami; but you mus' have us: C'est pas vrai? I fear zat mon bijou sink too much upon ze pauvre jeune homme from ze Mexico.

Vous comprenez, monsieur? Ees eet not fort ennuyant—stupeed?

Charles Edward Barnes.

"SHE THREW ME A KISS"

SHe threw me a kiss, and the air felt sweet,
A rose tint glowed through the gloom of the street
As Dorothy leaned from her window-seat,
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss with her finger-tips;
As a spring-time scent from a flower drips,
From the rose-leaf dawn of her willing lips,
She threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss, and the world seemed bright,
The cares of life were all back in the night,
For Dorothy said to my heart: "Be light!"
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss, and I strode away,
Smilingly humming a roundelay gay.
Ah, Dorothies, smile on your swains some day,
And throw them a kiss.

Yes, throw them a kiss, and the whole day long
Their hearts will be steel to the dream of wrong,
Their blood will pulse to one joyous song:
"She threw me a kiss!"

J. Percival Pollard.

IN THE SWIM

JESS: "I regard Chappie much as the hen did the gosling she found among her chickens."

BESS: "How was that?"

JESS: "I don't admire him, but I put up with him because he belongs to my set."

AN EXCEPTION

HOSTESS: "May I give you a brandied peach, Mr. Clubman?"

MR. CLUBMAN: "Thanks; I don't generally care for peaches, but appreciating the spirit in which this is offered, I will take one."

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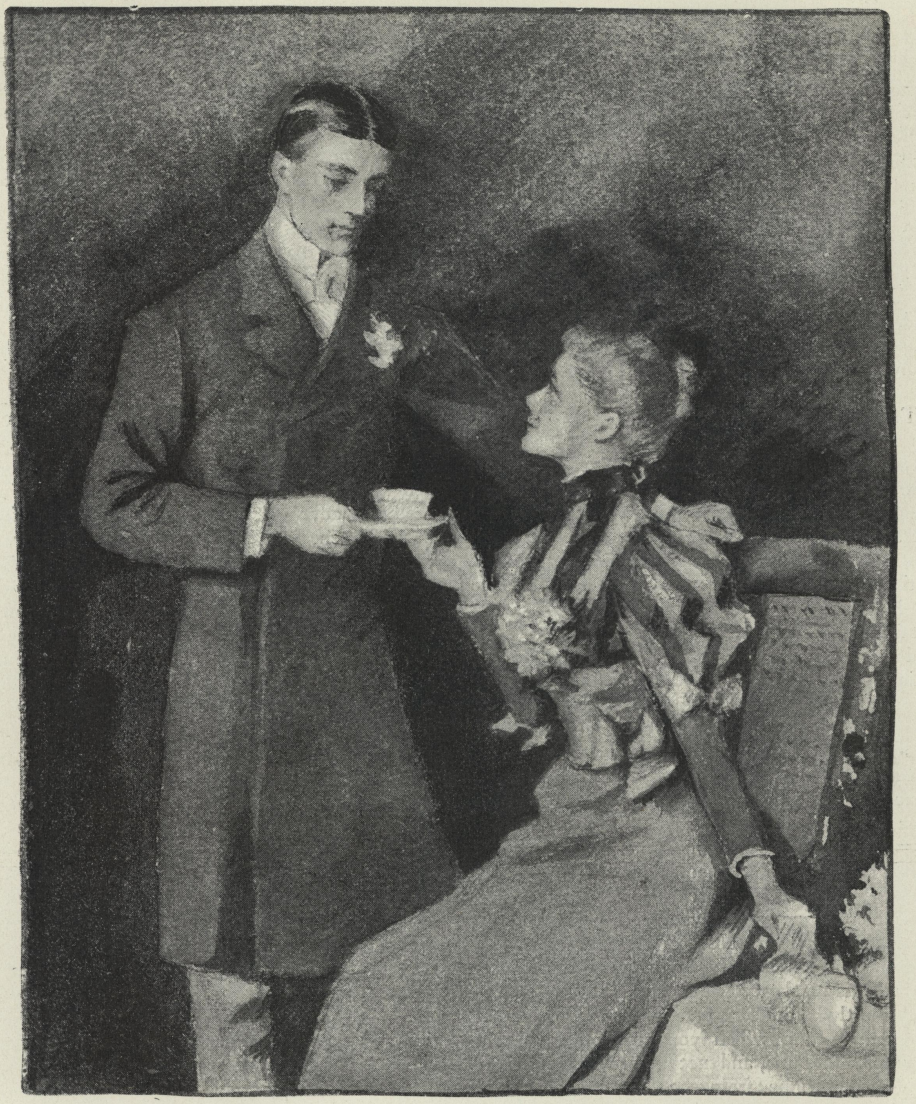

GENEALOGICAL QUALIFICATION

Struckile: "I am beginning to think that one's ancestors are important."
Miss McBean: "Yes; they come under the head 'important, if true.'"

AS SEEN BY HIM

THE question of victualing a yacht has been one which has recently given me the utmost concern. Even for a short cruise, it is a matter of no small consideration. At sea, particularly for those who do not enjoy the blessing of a strong stomach, honest food alone is palatable. By this, I mean good strong nourishment, sans sauces and sans condiments. I always avoid anything sloppy. I find it impossible, for some unknown reason, to have made, at sea, even passable coffee or tea. There is something in the sea air, which seems to affect polutions which do something or other and do not inebriate—I never can remember quotations, and it is only the last line of this which appeals to me—so that warm drinks made even with the greatest nicety of skill and the best of intentions, are really wretched nasty stuff.

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On rising at sea, whether on a yacht or a steam packet, my breakfast is always the same. A bit of kippered herring with dry toast and a glass of iced water is my menu. Sometimes at luncheon I try hot anchovy toast and some "fizz." I take oatmeal without cream, hominy—particularly that kind which is known in the South as "grits"—and like farinaceous food in moderation. I always have a round of beef and I do not object in the least to salted boiled beef or any of the coarser foods used in our service, as also in the British Navy. I have also always with me a tin of fancy biscuits and of "ginger snaps." There is a particular brand of these prepared in New York which are most excellent. My steward always keeps an assortment in his locker.

Talking about champagne, I am glad to see that this delicious wine is at last beginning to be appreciated in this country. Formerly, it seemed to make no difference to the average American which brand or vintage he used, so long as it "popped" and sparkled at the proper time. To drink still champagne was considered a sin, and yet the test of the wine is in its flavor after the effervescence has departed. You take, for instance, Ruinart of a certain vintage and have it decantered. This must be done at the very beginning of dinner. When it is time to use it, you will discover that the wine has a choice bouquet and an admirable flavor. This way of serving champagne, I must confess, I have learned in England, and I feel confident, because I have referred to it, that I will at once be accused of Anglomania by a number of mistaken patriots, as also by that national character, "the gent as opens wine." Of course, I am speaking of the use of champagne at a stag dinner —where, after all, wines are better appreciated. In Paris, champagne is always decantered. I have found also in many New York houses a very handsome set of crystal caraffes for the same use. The wine is nicely iced and placed in these receptacles shortly before serving. Thus is avoided that wretched custom, which you only meet with in restaurants in Paris, and not in private houses, of serving champagne from the bottle, the servant wrapping a napkin around it—the why and wherefore of which I cannot comprehend.

I was asked the other day, in what order champagne should be served. I have noticed at Delmonico's, where I have been for a petit souper after the theatre, the different manner of serving this wine by the employees of that establishment. The old custom of pouring a little wine, when the bottle is at first opened, into the glass of the host, does not apply to champagne. The raison d'etre of this is to prevent any particle of cork that might possibly remain in the bottle, being poured into the glass of any of the guests. The host gallantly takes to himself whatever imperfection there may be in the hospitality offered. Champagne is served in the same order as any of the plats would be, beginning at the right hand of the host. Frequently, and indeed when ladies are present, always, there are two kinds of champagne, sweet and dry. The ladies are passed the sweet, the men the dry. I am still supposing that this is at supper. Sweet wine is only served at dessert otherwise. The French say that the English and Americans do not know how to drink champagne. They only use the sweet and drink it at dessert. I do not exactly agree with them. Some people in New York have eschewed the serving of champagne and in its place have substituted a very fine Burgundy. I think there is room for both.

Something else—I do not know why in this connection, but my ideas never run on in any consecutive order—has occurred to me about which I deem it necessary to say a few words. Again the method I advocate, although only the rule of common politeness, I have seen so much more frequently practiced in France and in England than in America, that I know I shall bring down upon my head a storm of adverse criticism. I refer to visits at country houses. How many bachelors in this country, accept invitations to stay over Sunday or spend a day or so, or even to come out to dinner in the country, ever think that they owe any obligations to their hostess? In France a man never goes out of town on a visit, without bringing some little trifle to his hostess. It may only be a nosegay, a bouquet of violets or a few roses, some bonbons or a little trifle of that kind which a man can always present to a woman. I was on a visit recently to a country house not far from New York. At least twelve men were entertained during the period of my stay. Only two of this dozen thought of that little attention. The others seemed to have an idea that by their presence they were conferring a favor on their hostess and that she ought to be very thankful for their condescension. Of course, women in the country do not invite men for the purpose of levying tribute. But the attention is gratifying, and the actual outlay—I suppose you are a careful man and count your pennies—is indeed very small.

SWEETLY SIMPLE

MISS WONDER: "What's your favorite fad?"
WILLIE WILT: "You!"

A RUN OF BAD LUCK

JACK: "I've had nothing but hard luck to-day. Now, I suppose if I were to propose to you, you would——"
PRISCILLA: "Accept."
JACK: "Just what I expected."

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VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

MARCH 25, 1893

SOCIETY

THere is always so much being written and said about the shallowness, not to say ignorance of the modern society woman by those who are not in the swim, that it is a great temptation to ask the cavillers to contrast their lives with those led by people in what is called society—to take hour after hour, and minute after minute, and see whose life is the busiest.

When society women break down, as they constantly do, and the outside world credits the nervous prostration, the low fever or whatever the illness may be, to "that love for excitement, that love of society," nothing is said of the incessant calls upon time and strength. Think you, does it not require considerable effort always to look pleasant, always to have a kindly word, or a bright speech ready, always to know about the latest book—light perhaps—the newest style, the genealogy of the one thousand friends, so that no slip may be made of crediting a grandparentless individual with forefathers? She must do all this or she can never succeed. She must never show she is feeling dull nor sad, for she must be gay—her world demands it. The life of a fashionable woman begins early in the day. Granted she does not, like the heroine in novels, always breakfast with her husband at the highly proper hour of eight, herself pour his coffee and all the rest the modern book says she should do. She none the less begins her day early. She breakfasts in bed, perhaps, in her room certainly, but then is the time she sees her children, and plans for them the many lessons and amusements each child must have each day. Then comes the ordering of the household. The writing or dictating of countless notes, seeing women who are sent by intimate friends with various tickets or fancy work, dressing for luncheon, starting out for a round of calls or receptions, and only home in time to have an hour with the children before starting for dinner; from there to a dance—perchance two dances. Bed-time does not come until after two, often later. Through all these hours time must be snatched for reading or studying if she keep up with the times. Repeated is this day after day for many weeks, and it is not to be wondered at that society makes its spring exodus as early as possible.

French and music have been, and are, the fads this season and the delightful news that we are to have opera next winter has been received with enthusiasm by all. The list of parterre box-holders is as follows: 1 Ogden Goelet, 2 A. D. Juillard, 3 R. T. Wilson, 4 C. Vanderbilt, 5 George P. Wetmore, 6 W. K. Vanderbilt, 7 C. N. Bliss, 8 John Jacob Astor, 9 C. T. Barney, 10 George Baker, 11 Perry Belmont, 12 Henry Clews, 13 Ed. Cooper, 14 Mrs. Warren, 15 Adrian Iselin, 16 George Bliss, 17 W. D. Sloane, 18 G. G. Haven, 19 Mrs. Barbey, 20 D. O. Mills, 21 J. Hood Wright, 22 W. S. Webb, 23 E. T. Gerry, 24 Robert Goelet, 25 Cornelius Vanderbilt, 26 S. D. Babcock, 27 Geo. S. Bowdoin, 28 Bayard Cutting, 29 A. T. Van Nest, 30 W. C. Whitney, 31 J. P. Morgan, 32 Luther Kountz, 33 Thomas Hitchcock, 34 H. R. Bishop, 35 J. P. Morgan; and as the rumor goes that the boxes are to be fitted up more elaborately than ever before, the chances for a brilliant season are good indeed and society will once more have a place in which to talk, laugh, and at the same time enjoy opera. The removing of the bagnoir boxes will be a good thing, for the occupants of the orchestra chairs will not be disturbed if people in the boxes do talk, for the stage and floor, being lowered some three feet, will do much to obviate the difficulty.

The last de Forest-Callender musicale, a week ago last night did not seem to be marred by the last Nikisch subscription concert, which was held at Mrs. Paran Stevens's the same evening. Mrs. Stevens's new residence, so well known to old New Yorkers as the home of Mrs. Mason-Jones, where so many brilliant entertainments were given, is very beautiful. The new decorations are handsome, but the plan of the house is very much the same. The guests of the evening went first to Mrs. Stevens's and from there to Miss de Forest's, where the crush was very great, after eleven o'clock. In addition to the other music, Miss Callender sang, and those who were fortunate enough to hear her this season, declare her voice gains in sweetness and expression every year. The two fair hostesses must feel pleased at the success of their six musicales. All have been well attended, many of the same guests going every time. Mrs. Willie Jay looked superbly handsome on Friday evening, as did also Mrs. Clarence Dinsmore. Miss Murphy, who has been a great belle all winter, looked extremely well, and was, as usual, the recipient of an immense amount of attention.

Chicago seems to be the end and aim of many just now, and May and September are to be the fashionable months, so rumor says. In spite of the long lists of many-millioned millionaires which are constantly being published, there are not a great many who feel like indulging in the expense of private car expeditions to the World's Fair. The next best plan seems to be for a lot of friends to go together, enough to fill a car, and then to club together for hotel expenses. Numberless parties are being made up to go in this way. The expense is considerable, but not so very great, and, of course, in this way, people can enjoy the society of their friends.

On Saturday the last Adamowski concert was held at Mrs. Willie Jay's. Colonel and Mrs. Jay have, since they sold their new Colonial house on upper Fifth Avenue, been occupying an apartment in the Tiffany house, where are Miss de Forest and Miss Callender. The subscribers for this series of concerts were present in full force, and many were the regrets that this was the last meeting.

The managers of the concert given at Sherry's, Monday afternoon and evening, must have been delighted with the success of their entertainment. The programme, which included Plunket Greene, Madame de Ricardo-Albertini, T. Adamowski, J. Adamowski and the Adamowski Quartette, would have attracted a large audience at any time, but the patronesses also exerted themselves to sell the tickets allotted to them.

It was quite a social event, and many familiar faces were seen. The ushers were well-known men, Mr. Charles Munn, Mr. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, Mr. Isaac Iselin, Mr. Goodhue Livingston and Mr. Norman de K. Whitehouse being among the number.

There have been an unusual number of dinners given during the week. One of the principal ones being given Monday by Mr. Ward McAllister in honor of Col. Charles F. Crocker of California, to meet whom, were invited Mr. and Mrs. George B. de Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Miss Grace Wilson, Mr. Augustus Gurnee, Mr. and Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden. Col. Crocker is a brother of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who has been such a favorite since she came to New York. It is said Mrs. Alexander is anxious her brother should also make his home in this city and he seems to think very favorably of the idea.

It would seem almost as though the spring exodus to Europe were beginning. There has been so much uncertainty, so much indecision as to the proper spring fashions that, as one woman said the other day, "No brain can stand this sort of strain. I shall go abroad for just six weeks and have it decided once for all what I shall wear." La Bourgogne last Saturday carried out quite a number of society people: Mrs. Griswold Gray and Miss Irvin, Mrs. G. H. Bend and Miss Bend, Mrs. J. T. Burden and Miss Burden, Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane and their family, Miss Edith Shepard, Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, and Miss Van Rensselaer.

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RECEIVING DAYS

The purpose of this department is to provide a remedy for the non-receipt of cards through errors and accidental omissions in visiting lists, postal errors, etc.

MONDAY

Mrs. Henry G. Marquand, 11 East Sixty-eighth Street.

Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Henry Galbraith Ward, 816 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Frances Schroeder, Miss Schroeder, 27 East Thirty-first Street.

Mrs. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street.

Mrs. F. M. Barr, 220 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., 17 East Forty-seventh Street.

Mrs. A. Brevoort Bristol, 220 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Charles Livingston Hyde, 10 West Twentieth Street.

TUESDAY

Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, 684 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Wm. Seward Webb, 680 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Whiting, 382 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 256 Fifth Avenue.

The Misses Babcock, 636 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Auguste Noël, Miss Noël, 109 Waverly Place.

Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street.

Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Forty-sixth Street.

Mrs. George T. Adee, 13 West Forty-eighth Street.

WEDNESDAY

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

THURSDAY

Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, 28 East Thirty-sixth Street.

Mrs. John Pomeroy Townsend, 53 East Fifty-fourth Street.

Mrs. Barger, Miss Barger, 389 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Elliot C. Cowdin, Miss Cowdin, 14 West Twenty-first Street.

FRIDAY

Mrs. Richard Hunt, 2 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. John G. Davis, 24 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. John W. Minturn, 22 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, 15 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Fordyce D. Barker, 36 West Fifty-first Street.

Mrs. Reginald C. Francklyn, 64 Clinton Place.

Mrs. Charles A. Post, 21 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

WE are gay at last,—or rather, optimistically speaking, hope soon to be! What with two "Queen's" Drawing Rooms within ten days, a sudden burst of radiant sunshine and a wave of soft, south-west wind, all things from nature down to man,—so peaceful is mercurial influence,—have taken on a fresh lease of life. Existence, hopeless a week ago, is to-day full of happy promise: green spectacles of pessimism have given place to rose colored pebbles of anticipation, and spontaneous quotations from latter day poets flutter on every side, particularly that all too well worn, and somewhat previous Browning line:—"Oh, to be in England, now that April's here!"—for, to be exact, April, the treacherous, is still some weeks off.

As I write, a flood of sunshine is pouring into my study, and across my desk; the sky is tenderly blue,—such a liquid blue as belongs only to English skies. In my garden, a rare adjunct to a London house, two little birds are piping up cheerily, merry heralds of a yet happier time to come, and my snowdrops lift cheerful white blossoms delicately outlined against the dark, soft mold. In another month I shall be telling you of the happy crocus, the dainty hair-bell, the wood anemones and the fragrant violet. Even now the street vendors are showing Lent lilies, daffydown-dillies and violets on the barrows, cried out in the centuries old street call, "'Ere you be! 'ere you be! Flowers all a growing and a blowing! A market bunch, mi lady, only sixpence for a market bunch!" and who can resist a market bunch of daffys or violets when all the air, even London air, is redolent with their intoxicating perfume, for so modest an equivalent as twelve cents? Not I for one.

But I have wandered far afield. To return to yesterday's Drawing Room, which at this moment is the sole topic of conversation in the monde qui s'amuse. It was a charming function, though not a very large one; everyone seemed so glad to throw off the gloom and gêne of the past twelve months, and to see even one or two of the royalties in colors once more gave an extra filip of brightness to the always brilliant scene, notwithstanding the much regretted absence of the Princess of Wales, whose place at the Queen's side, for the first time since her marriage, was vacant during this annual state ceremony. She could not be prevailed upon to set aside her ever-abiding grief for Prince Eddy, even for a few hours, and, of course, the loss of her presence entailed that of her daughters, as well as Princess May of Teck. The Duke of York accompanied his father, the Prince of Wales, and stood next to the young Duke of Aosta,—the stepson of the beautiful widowed Duchess, whose marriage to her uncle, the late Duke d'Aosta, created so much scandal and discussion a few years ago, and who inherits to a great degree the beauty and charm of her ancestress, the incomparable Pauline Borghese. The present duke is a very nice, fair, well-set up young man of the moment, very fond of all kinds of sports, not amazingly clever, a great favorite in society and blessed with an income of several tens of thousands. He is supposed to be in love with his step-mamma and anxious to marry her, but this is only a canard politique. As a matter of fact the Duchess of Aosta took but a minor share under the late Duke's will, his almost fabulous income, £45,000 ($225,000), being for life only, according to the provisions of his first wife's will, who was the final heiress of the family. Between the present Duke and the throne of Italy there stands but one life, that of the Prince of Naples, whose health is always far from satisfactory. The Queen, before he returns home, will bestow upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. What a pity that young Aosta is a Catholic, and a fairly faithful son of the church! Were it not for the hard and fast law of George IV's time, which forbids any English royal alliance with a member of the Holy See, what a happy solution might be arrived at in matters matrimonial, and what a brilliant match secured for one of the still unmarried daughters of our heir apparent!

Quite contrary to custom, the Queen, who is usually the soul of punctuality, kept every one waiting for a full half hour before entering the Throne Room. The diplomatic circle, and those privileged to use the private entrée, were prompt to the second, and wearily awaited the advent of Her Majesty. They—the men at least, and the women, too, stood first on one leg and then on the other; sighed, groaned, grumbled; still she came not; until at last Mme. W——, herself never too punctual, expostulated with true native American frankness against the exigencies of court etiquette, which forbids any attitude less dignified than an upright one, and wondered audibly how much longer they were to be kept "drawn up" waiting for royal inspection. When her Majesty did arrive, she looked tired and weary, and indifferent to the whole business. She took her seat on the low chair which is placed in front of the throne,—that magnificent erection of crimson velvet and gilded ornament never being made use of,—and presentations were at once the order of the day. Of these only three were Americans, presented by Mrs. Lincoln, who wore a very elegant toilette of black velvet and satin, and the most notable was Mrs. W. W. Astor, who looked very handsome, and wore a most beautiful gown of white satin with a superb train of white velvet trimmed with silver embroidery. Her diamonds were magnificent. She fairly blazed with them, for not only did she wear a tiara and collar of diamonds, and a band of the same precious stones, which came from the left shoulder across the front of the bodice, and then trailed down indefinitely among the folds of the skirt, but she wore also the celebrated "Succi" diamond—which is a stone of great size and beauty—poised in the middle of her dark hair just above her forehead. Mrs. Astor has hitherto been most unfortunate in the matter of being presented at court. Three times has her name been sent up "on approval" to the Lord Chamberlain's office, and each time, at the last moment, family bereavements have prevented her presentation taking place. She is a great favorite in London society, and every one is delighted at the prospect of her entertaining somewhat largely this season.

Two American débutantes also made their curtsey to royalty on Tuesday, but not to the Queen, who left the Throne Room as soon as the diplomatic circle had made their presentations. Miss Burroughs, of Boston, and Miss Helen Williams, of Chicago. Miss Williams is extremely pretty, and bids fair to be the coming American beauty of the season, and

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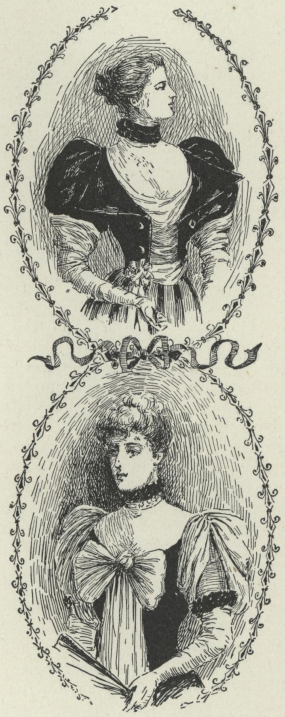
we haven't had one for several seasons! She is tall, slight and fair, with most charming manners and a seductive smile.

The first débutante presented, and the only one to see and kiss the Queen's hand, was Miss Frances de Grasse Evans, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Evans, who by virtue of her mother's nationality unites both American and English blood. Mrs. Evans was Miss Marie de Grasse Stevens, of New York, one of the three beautiful girls of her "coming-out" season. She married Mr. Frank H. Evans, of London and Kent, who is the Liberal Member for Southampton, and just now very much to the fore, as he is a warm personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, under whom and the late John Bright, his political education was formed.

PREPARED FOR SPRING'S CHANGES

Mrs. Evans is one of the most popular of Anglo-American hostesses, and "Tubbendens," her beautiful country-home in Kent one of the most delightful of old English houses in which to pass a happy holiday week. Mrs. Evans's Drawing-Room gown was decidedly effective. It was made of one of the new spring silks, a shot white and apricot ground, powdered over with tiny bouquets of roses in a bright soft pink. The train was of cream "cut" velvet, lined with apricot silk and trimmed with the most lovely Brussels point lace,—a wedding gift and the exact counterpart of that given by the Queen to the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on her marriage. Diamonds and a necklace of old and very fine aquamarines formed her ornaments. Miss de Grasse Evans,—who, by the way, is a Girton student, and a very clever one,—only came up from her "'Varsity" to be presented, returning to Cambridge the next morning—wore a very simple dress of white ondaleuse silk, with full drooping sleeves of moiré chiffon and a train of white satin, a string of single pearls around her throat, a tulle veil and the de rigueur three feathers most becomingly disposed

The last, smartest and best edited London paper, is the Westminster Gazette, which, from its first issue, has beaten the record of newspaper journalism. It is backed by American capital, and Mr. W. W. Astor is, so I am informed on the best authority, the capitalist of the venture. Certainly no evening journal has ever "caught on" so suddenly and securely. It is splendidly edited by Mr. G. T. Cook, the wise and experienced exploiter of the old Pall Mall Gazette, and is altogether a very smart up-to-date paper, devoted, of course, in politics to the present government, but sufficiently wide minded to see and admit the other side view as well. If Mr. Astor, as the "on dit" goes, tried vainly to buy one of two well known New York papers, a year or more ago, he ought certainly to congratulate himself on his past failures, looking at them in the unprecedented success of his now assured success in journalism. By the way, before the season is over Mr. and Mrs. Astor will be installed as owners of the Manchester house in Great Stanhope Street, now the dower right of the Duchess of Devonshire. Hitherto, she has put the prohibitive price of £40,000 upon it,—at which sum both Mr. and Mrs. Astor rebelled; but within the last week the Duchess has come down in her ultimatum, and the Astors have come up, so a mutually happy arrangement is now in course of completion. Meantime, they keep on at Lansdowne House, and retain the old Murietta mansion in Carlton House Terrace, as a sort of annex. They do not intend furnishing it, but will keep it to lend for charitable purposes; bazars, plays, etc. To-day, in fact as I write, the Duchess of Teck and Princess May are opening there the Irish Industries' show, destined later for the great Chicago Fair.



BODICES FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS

One of the absentees this season who will be greatly missed is Mrs. Adair, who has let her beautiful and historic house in Curzon Street for three months for £1,500. Mrs. Adair who was the beautiful Miss Wadsworth of Geneva, is a very great favorite at Marlborough House and Sandringham; she has two country places in Ireland, Rathdair and Glenveagh, and also a charming English home in Buckinghamshire, and certainly, no one in London society occupies a more enviable position.

Lord Arlington has also let his modern and rather ultra-gorgeous house in South Audley Street, to an unknown American millionaire for £2,000, for the season only. Lady Arlington, his second wife, who is young, pretty and very fond of society, is in despair. She is quite one of the smartest women in town, and to miss a season, especially one prophesied to be gay and amusing as is the coming one, is a bitter pill to swallow. But then Lord Arlington is altogether a turf man, and he may have dropped something considerable—though this is only a surmise. But who is the anonymous American?

The Bradley-Martins have come down from Balmaccan and are now in Paris—Mrs. Bradley Martin, deep in trousseau necessities. The wedding is to be in May and in New York, and little Miss Martin brings Lord Craven a dot of £15,000 a year. It is rather a matter of comment that the bride-elect was not presented at this week's drawing-room. It will sound all the more swagger, however, for Mrs. Bradley Martin to present her on her marriage as the Countess of Craven!—won't it?

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were the first to call upon Mrs. Mackay, and to express their sympathy for her at Mr. Mackay's recent unfortunate accident. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and various other members of the Royal family displayed the liveliest sympathy for Mrs. Mackay at that time. She is a great favorite at Marlborough House and Sandringham.

The other day, in Paris, I went into Colombin's, the only place in gay Letutia where one can get an English cup of tea. I went with a friend, a well known Parisienne, and we established ourselves comfortably in the pretty bay window to the left. "Here," said she, "you are sure to see everyone most talked about," and indeed no sooner had she made this remark when who should come in but Mr. Edward Deacon—just now the most discussed person in all Paris. He had with him his daughter Gladys—the, socially speaking, "enfant prodigue" of the hour, the bone of contention in the Abeille affair, and the 100 franc letter writer. I had not seen Mr. Deacon for many a long year, not since his marriage, in fact, when we often met at Claridge's Hotel at dinners and suppers during the season he and his beautiful bride were in London. He has aged terribly, and looks worn and thin. His little daughter, a child of not more than thirteen, has a most interesting face. She is not at all pretty, but capable of developing into a fascinating woman. Mrs. Deacon I saw driving in the Bois, exquisitely dressed, with the little baby—poor small uncertain waif—and a gorgeous person as nurse beside her. Mr. Deacon makes no secret of his satisfaction over the legal decision, and Mrs. Deacon—so goes the rumor—can

A BE-FLOUNCED AND BE-FEATHERED BALL TOILETTE

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pick and choose her "future" from out three well known and titled Frenchmen! "So runs the world away."

Here is a small four months' account, run up by a very well known dame du monde:

M.....

CHRISTMAS, 1892

MODES, ROBES, CONFECTIONS, TROUSSEAUX, LINGERIE ETC., ETC., ETC.

8 PRINCES STREET,
HANOVER SQUARE, W.

Terms:—Strictly Cash.

1892 May.	Court Gown, yellow embroidered train	£136	10
	Black Velvet Evening Empire Gown	52	10
	Red Velvet Tea Jacket, embroidered plastron	26	5
	Béige Biscuit Morning Costume, coat lined black satin	25	4
	Matinée Rose and Blue Turquoise	10	10
June.	White Satin Evening Gown, tablier embroidered with pearls and trimmed with feathers and lace.	88	4
	Morning Wrap, trimmed black lace	7	7
	Evening Cloak, amber and black	52	10
	Poult de Soie Princess Robe	31	10
	Blue Amazon Cloth Gown, Eton Jacket	19	19
	Red Russian Blouse	12	12
July.	Blue and White Cambric Costume.	15	15
	Black Velvet Cape.	18	18
	White Crêpe de Chine Tea Gown.	27	6
	Mauve Crepon Tea Gown	13	13
	Morning Gown, gold brocade panel and lace into Evening Gown	17	17
Oct.	Blue Serge Gown	15	15
	Brown Serge Gown.	15	15
	Black Jet and Silk Tea Jacket.	24	3
	Picoté Satin and Mauve Tea Gown	31	10
	One Evening Gown	36	5
		£679	18

Diane.

SPRING FASHIONS FOR WOMEN

GOWNS

After a thorough inspection of model spring costumes, imported by exclusive modistes for New York's smart set, it is safe to affirm that the crinoline craze is wholly unwarranted by fact. The "scare," as it is called, was originated, and is kept alive by the newspapers. Those whose favor either makes or breaks a mode, have pursued the even tenor of their ways unmoved by the clamorous multitude. However, in the dignified evolution of fashion, some radical changes have taken place. The tailor-made girl is out of date, and the well-dressed woman might readily be mistaken for her own grandmother. She wears full, flaring skirts, has abbreviated the length of her waist, is making ready to re-introduce mittens, and is more fastidious concerning the shape of her sleeves than all the rest of her toilette put together.

Conclusions reached after scanning the face of fashion carefully, are these: first, that all well made jupes are eight and a half yards around, are severely gored to allow of slight fulness over the hips and to fall in very ample, graceful, diagonal folds at the hem. Second, that the smartest skirt trimmings of the moment are found in flat, bias folds and pipings set on in clusters of three, five or nine rows, and rather far apart. If ruffles are employed, they are very old-fashioned, being narrow frills applied with double cordings, and a heading less than half an inch in width.

It may be as well to describe some costumes, illustrating the various phases mentioned. One really elegant gown is of an old-time stuff, that used to be known as mosambique. A silky, welted grenadine of sage flecked with white, the skirt cut diagonal and made up over green silk, is tremendously full, and is trimmed up twenty inches with flat folds of the mosambique piped on either edge with green satin. The broad belt is of satin thickly crusted with green and silver spangles, and edged with narrow gold galloon. This belt draws up over the short-waisted bodice, which has smooth, sheath-shaped pieces fitting over the bust and centre of the back, while the sides and broad, graduated shoulder frills are of the grenadine with selvedge edges. The high, straight collar is heavily spangled, and the sleeves are big beyond belief. They have gigantic puffs at the top that are set on tight, glove-fitting lower sleeves, which at the wrist are quaintly shirred, and end in flaring, turn-over cuffs descending to the very knuckles of the hand.

An ideally picturesque French frock is of a delicious, warm tan spring silk figured all over with vague little pink rosebuds. The balloon skirt has seven tiny, corded frills, that trim it half way to the waist. The bodice is seamless, yet fits faultlessly over the back, has fine, yellowish lace drawn across the bust, long shoulder seams from which the corded ruffles flare broadly, and huge sleeve puffs extending to the elbow. The softly-wrinkled collar band, and wide belt are of dull old pink velvet, which also finishes the short sleeves designed for long mittens.

A wonderful and original costume, imported from a famous Parisian modiste, who refuses to sell to the trade, has a skirt in three flounces of hand embroidered tea-tinted India muslin. It is short all around and the ruffles that extend to the waist are cut in deep vandykes. The edges finished with the narrowest imaginable double puffing of mousseline de soie. The bodice is in reality a jacket of pale green spring silk covered with sprawling bunches of blush roses. It has big quaint sleeves, a front falling away in wide revers, a jabot of rare lace, and where the right side crosses over the left it is fastened with a brilliant paste ornament and bow of black velvet.

Some of the curiosities of this season are marvelous French reproductions of very old gowns. One frock of delicate mull hand embroidered, is in the genuine Empire mode of Josephine's time. Only an expert could detect its imitation. It is apparently yellowed with age, and falls limply across the arm like some filmy old dress dragged from the perfumed seclusion of a cedar chest hidden in somebody's garret. The lace is hand made, every stitch is daintily set, the under slip is of creamy silk, the sleeves are short puffs to allow for long mittens. More modern, is a Paris costume of red and black plainly designed for a brilliant blond. The material is new and curious, of scarlet satin with a fine black lace web woven on its glistening surface. The skirt is of the grandmother shape decorated with horizontal insertions of black satin ribbon and lace. The bodice has a Figaro jacket of fine cut jet, big crimson and black sleeves, with glittering jet girdle and collar. Still another model, is of the stiffest and most splendid black satin. Five narrow bias folds of the satin encircle the skirt and are joined each one at the left in a prim harness-like buckle and bow. The waist is of light sage green bengaline with a balero of lace and jet, big green sleeves reaching the elbow, and high collar and belt of sparkling beads.

A gown of coarse canvas of a yellow gray is rather showily trimmed with shaded Spanish red velvet. The bodice is seamless, having shoulder frills, lower sleeves, belt and collar of the velvet. The skirt displays five bias folds piped with red.

An importation of more than ordinary richness has a skirt of pale grey bengaline. It is in three horizontal divisions each one overlapping the other, and bordered by a two inch bias fold of dahlia velvet. The waving edge of the bengaline is elaborately outlined with gold passementerie. So also are the deep dahlia revers of the bodice falling over full gigot sleeves of velvet. The shoulders are very drooping, the waist band and collar are of velvet, and down the front a jabot of cream satin ribbon is arranged, and finished under the chin with a wide spreading bow.

Of the making of tea gowns there is no end, but it may be worth while describing one that is excessively smart in its very simplicity. The stuff is a rich crisp silk, an azalea pink, striped with narrow silver satin lines far apart. The moderate train is a Watteau, springing from between the shoulders behind. A middle breadth in front falling from a jewelled silver collar is of the plain pink confined at the waist by an Empire band of silver passementerie. The side widths of the striped material flow straight over the bust, while white silk lace shoulder flounces veil the big puffed sleeves, edged with lace to match.

HATS

The exquisitely pretty and spring-like hats offered by New York milliners, this season, are just so many aids and supplements to feminine beauty. The styles were never so daring and assuredly never more becoming. In the bewildering assortment of imported confections exhibited it is scarcely possible to draw satisfactory conclusions. However, the broad peaked brimmed poke is here, also the Directoire shape and tiny toque. The rest is vague and follows the individual whim of designer and purchaser.

Nothing could be more bewitching than a flat disk of white chip lined with dark petunia velvet, that has the two white sides pressed together over the face. Between the chip is a long looped bow of lilac silk standing to right and left, with a jeweled pin thrust through the centre. The back is built out in a velvet half hoop, on which rests a carelessly gathered handful of gorgeous dahlia tinted velvet roses. Two nod very high while the rest fall against the ondulèd hair. Another triumph in summer millinery is of rough, woven, green straw having a flat crown, and wide fluted brim. The entire edge of the hat is fringed with pale purple hyacinths, and on top in each wave of the straw rests a spray of mignonnette. Emerald and cream colored velvet encircles the crown and stands in two erect ears in front, while under the rim, where it rests on the head, are three creamy velvet roses without foliage.

Some of the poke bonnets are smart to a degree. One with an exaggeratedly flaring, high standing brim, is of chip, the outside white, the inner part of dahlia. The low rough crown has a band of velvet from which wide old yellow lace is drawn, or rather dragged diagonally, leaving the points to fall over the rim and slightly shade the face. Two long, thick,

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curly, black ostrich plumes are set upright, a little to the left, and black velvet roses are grouped behind where the dahlia strings are sewed. Another example, more conservative but still poke in shape, is a pale golden chip. A wide loose fold of light petunia velvet is laid around the flat crown, finished on one side with a low broad bunch of petunia shaded violets, on the other with a flat cluster of green leaves. A big bouquet of the same flowers decorating the brim, has a tall tuft of white heron feathers rising from the centre, and still a third nosegay of violets is inside the poke resting against the hair. This bonnet has wide green velvet strings.

GRANDMOTHER'S GOWN REMODELED

A simple yet vastly expensive hat of the mode described above, is of rough woven, yellow straw. The coarse tea-tinted lace lining the brim leaves an inch-wide frill falling over to frame the face. It is held with cordings of green silk and has a spray of lilac flowers on the left; the outside of crown and brim are undecorated save for velvet strings sewed on behind, and on the right side a chic knot of green ribbon and an upstanding bunch of purple wisteria. Fifty of these poke bonnets might be described without giving an adequate idea of their style of beauty.

A Directoire hat of unexampled charm is of white chip lined with black velvet. The rim is wide, waving and is cloven at the back with overlapping ends. Airy black lace, delicately outlined with gilt, fills in each graceful curl of the brim, while three tall ostrich feathers are placed directly in front, arranged in Prince of Wales fashion.

The small bonnets are merely head dresses, and all bear more or less resemblance to Egyptian and Indian types. Many of these fine jet skeleton shapes are conventionalized serpents and dragons, the two sparkling heads projecting slightly over the wearer's brow with either a cluster of crimson velvet roses or golden tulips between.

HER EASTER DINNER GOWN

Then there are infinite varieties of the morning and street hats to be observed and admired. One extremely smart one is of dull, flexible gold straw, with a low round crown and narrow brim caught up in four places with big dahlia velvet roses. Two tall Mephistopheles ears of emerald velvet with broken points stand erect in front.

A picturesque chapeau suitable for lounging on the lawn or straying down country lanes, is of loosely woven glacé straw mingling green and scarlet and yellow in the weave. Its low crown is encircled by close set green velvet rosettes and has two rather high loops in front in which are mingled a few long-stemmed, full-blown poppies. Masses of these same deep red flowers, in close-folded and half-opened buds, stray all over the brim, with here and there a tuft of field grasses.

For summing up the leading motifs of this season's modes, it should be mentioned that emerald and dahlia lead all the rest in colors; that lace frills edging the brims of hats are once more in vogue; that accordeon-plaited miroir velvet used for Alsatian bows is the extreme of fashion, and that rosettes of ribbon feathers, flowers, velvet or straw are endorsed by the highest authorities upon such matters.

WRAPS

The summer mantle is more a garment of beauty than utility. This season it is eminently picturesque and frou-frou. The costliest examples of modish wraps are those of black lace and jet combined with yokes, sleeves or shoulder frills merely of miroir velvet. Some magnificent models have been imported for the fastidious New York belle. Among those observed is an Empire three-quarter coat. There is an under-bodice of black silk that fits the figure closely. This, however, is completely veiled by rich accordeon-plaited Machmette black lace, confined to the waist at the sides by a violet velvet ribbon which admits of its falling with the Watteau effect back and front. A jabot of the lace encircles the throat, and is arranged at left and right over the bust, from which depend long, glittering strands of jet. The sleeves are prodigious puffs of violet velvet shot with rose, that reach the elbow and are there confined by a jetted band, from which frills of lace hang over the wrist.

HER HOME DINNER GOWN

Another wrap, also Empire in style, has yoke and sleeves of emerald velvet. The guipure lace, falling nearly to the knees, is set on the yoke with deep vandykes of jet, that form the high collar as well.

Some of the velvet and lace capes are rich and elaborate to the point defying description. One of pale petunia, shot with gold, has the velvet frilled like enormous epaulettes over an undercape of guipure, with lace hanging to the elbows. The jet passementerie is as heavy and brilliant as jewels, and not only defines the line between collar and cape, but crystallizes the epaulettes and edges the long narrow lapels of velvet and lace that depend to the knees.

An extremely smart Empire mantle, that is a frock in itself, has yoke and sleeves of golden brown satin. The yoke is encrusted with jet and has a brown satin ribbon drawn from under the arms and tied in front, to flow down over the skirt of accordeon-plaited black lace.

It is seldom that the sleeves of this spring's wraps extend below the elbow. They are very large, and usually have deep lace frills set on to shade the wrists. Velvet cloth is employed in making up many of the new capes, and those arranged in a double shawl point, with embroidered edges, are unquestionably popular. Width across the shoulders is an effect much sought after, and most of these small mantles are in some way confined at the waist line. Some extremely becoming designs have no more than a double frill of dahlia velvet, pointed back and front, lined with rose, cream or blue brocade, and supplemented with a great quantity of black lace and jet. A little cape of this sort of green miroir velvet, shot with rosy lilac, looks charming for early spring wear.

COSTUME IN MODIFIED EMPIRE STYLE

Less expensive models are of light leather colored cloth, with a top plaited frill of brown velvet. Others are of pale mastic, with turn-down collars and upper capes of dark petunia or maroon velvet. Coats are seldom seen. The gowns this season, with their gigot sleeves and shoulder flounces, preclude the possibility of a close-fitting wrap.

LINGERIE

In the newest French lingerie, Empire modes that have excited so much controversy in the realm of fashion, are unquestionably in the lead. The most beautiful of the fine imported nightgowns have short puffed waists and big balloon sleeves of gossamer mull hand embroidered in myriads of tiny pale blue, rose, lilac or yellow dots. Shoulder seams, arm holes and both wrist and collar bands are finished with exquisite colored hem-stitching, worked deep and wide under the bust to admit of a narrow satin ribbon being threaded through to tie in a bow in front. This entire garment is a miracle of artistic needle work, for the wide soft lace falling away from throat and wrists and forming a deep shoulder frill, is hand-made and the ribbon used has been lightly feather stitched on either edge.

Another Empire nightdress of costly loveliness, has its short bodice made of alternate stripes of rare lace and muslin embroidery arranged to come together in a V back and front. Fairy-like frills of the muslin edged with lace, form double ruffles to give a jabot effect on the edges, while the big sleeves are two great puffs on the arm, held at elbow and wrist with ros-

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ettes of white satin ribbon worked in blue and pink forget-me-nots. The skirts of these gowns are very full and long, and the broad belt under the arms gives them the appearance of elegant négligé robes.

All-lace yokes and sleeves are seen with some very expensive silk nightdresses, but the smart woman invariably prefers sheer lawn and French needlework, that makes a more conservative and far richer garment in reality.

Printed French batiste, as pliable and as fine in texture as an Oriental silk, is frequently used for sleeping robes. These gowns show spots or tiny figures in red, black, heliotrope and ciel, have Empire skirts and waists with extremely full double-neck frills some inches wide, cross-stitched on the edges and set on with an embroidered hem-stitching. They are smart, becoming and deliciously grateful to the skin. An excess of lace in the make-up of underclothing should be avoided—it savors of vulgarity, and entails a useless expense in the matter of laundrying.

The Empire chemise is exquisitely pretty and modish. It has an ample well-cut skirt of silk or muslin finished at the knee by a ruffle of lace; this is set on with a beading threaded by a body ribbon in white or some pale tint. The neck is only slightly rounded, falling rather flat on the shoulders, and has a full web of lace drawn forward under and across the bust to be caught between with airy rosettes of narrow ribbon. The sleeves are a mere thread of lace over the shoulders. Some very new and handsome models have short-trimmed waists of puffs and insertion, separate from the skirt and attached by a ribbon belt veiled with lace. These are pretty to look at, but only an extremely slender woman could dare attempt them, for they are clumsy to wear and cause unnecessary bulk under the stays. The first-mentioned chemise may well be accepted as a guide for style and beauty.

Women wear such excessively long hose to-day that the drawers are cut very short, extending barely to the knees. They are made indifferently of silk or soft muslin. The legs are extravagantly wide and set onto a smooth yoke over the hips. The lower edges are decorated with various combinations of lace, embroidery and ribbons. Those best liked are rounded up sharply at the outside seam, where the deep lace frills are caught in an upward point and finished with knots of baby ribbon. Very smart, too, are models that depend for their beauty upon bands of innumerable hair-line tucks run by hand and finished on the edge with a deep vandyked frill artistically decorated in delicate needle work.

The underkerchiefs, worn by well-dressed women over their satin stays are dainty enough for Titania's use. Cut all in one piece of faintly tinted silk mull bordered with real lace and outlined on the edge with an embroidery of smilax or spring flowers, it seems a shame they must be hidden from view. These kerchiefs are a vast improvement on the old-fashioned underwaist and serve the same purpose.

Possibly the most beautiful petticoat ever worn by a woman was made to order the other day. The skirt was of snow white glacé silk, fitting smoothly over the hips and flaring at the hem where a knife plaiting, of the silk, six inches deep was set on. Veiling the first petticoat was a second one of white satin striped grenadine, alternating in perpendicular bands with a lace insertion having vandyked edges that slightly lapped the grenadine. This was cut in very deep points at the bottom, the points being filled with a cluster ruffle of lace that rose and fell, thus revealing at intervals the silk knife plaiting beneath.

HOSIERY

Summer silk hosiery is elaborate to a degree, and from the lavish decoration bestowed upon the instep, one would fancy that short, round skirts and low slippers must be in vogue. All the new French colors are duplicated in those smart stockings; Persian lilac, éminence red, verveine, Hortensia and azalea pink, violet, and pure golden brown, petunia or dahlia, black, white, and Spanish scarlet, are also seen. While some of the finest hose are worn without contrast or design, the mode is decidedly in favor of an ornamental dressing of the feet.

The costliest of the black silk stockings have strips of lace insertion up the front divided by hand-embroidered flowers. For example, one is gracefully banded with rich guipure, alternated by a light powdering of Parma violets, interspersed here and there with a green leaf. Others, again, of rose, pearl, emerald, or heliotrope, show silk lace of a corresponding tint, with sprays of lily-of-the-valley, honeysuckle, and corn flower stalks between.

Many of the prettiest colored hose are deeply vandyked in black or a darker shade on either side of the instep. A model pair is in pale violet, vandyked with black and having black fleur-de-lys embroidered between. Others treated in the same manner are of dark and light petunia, a clear red and deep scarlet, also two tints of blue.

Among the many novelties noted was a pair of pearl stockings, the fronts charmingly embroidered with bow knots of pale blue ribbon tied around tiny sprays of forget-me-nots.

A simple but attractive style for house wear with patent leather pumps, are black, dark blue, brown, or petunia silk hose, flecked with white to look like the ordinary vesting cloth. For this same purpose a handsome red can be had, closely hair-lined with black, having rich black clox up the sides, fancifully finished half way of the leg.

The new stockings of lilac, or crimson and black, that simulate a boot and laces on the side, are more fin-de-siècle than beautiful. Bronze colored hosiery is particularly well liked, and with this showy and sympathetic tint of brown all the new tints are combined.

PERSONAL BRIC-A-BRAC

Twenty years ago grande dames took their jewels seriously, therefore when diamond ear-drops or brilliant finger rings were acquired, it was considered a bounden duty to wear such treasures morning, noon and night. To-day all that has changed. The élégante counts her bijoux by the dozen, puts them off and on at pleasure, owns jewels to suit each and every costume, and like the horse-leech's daughter is ever crying "More!"

This summer, for example, she will lay by her heavy tiara, and wear a thread of gold run through her hair supporting a tall, flourishing ribbon bow knot of brilliants just over the brow. Or else her silken locks will gleam through a Marie Stuart head dress, a mesh of gold sprinkled liberally with pearls springing to right and left from a point on the forehead. Or if she is superlatively smart, a tiny crown set with rubies and every point tipped with a blazing solitaire diamond, will find favor in her eyes. The newest thing, however, is a narrow continuous line of brilliants embedded in gold that extends in a sharp point on the brow, curved backward, and at either side, and half way of the head curls up defiantly in a double twist. This sets off a well-shaped head most charmingly.

But these ornaments above the love locks in no way interfere with wearing one of the new hairpins of blonde shell. These have glittering upstanding sprays of jewels, or else a curved line of precious stones set like exaggerated antennæ. Others look as though they were taken off of some fairy's cap, and when thrust through a knot of hair at the back of the neck are very effective.

At the moment, women have expressed a decided preference for the dagger pin. It is the favorite par excellence. A scimeter of diamonds with elaborately ornamented handle, or sword with ruby hilt is equally well liked.

In watches, the passing fancy is for those made after a fashion set by Marie Antoinette. They are very thick through, open by a spring at the side, have quaint old faces, and the cases are exquisitely enameled in pale tints illustrating pastoral scenes, or the faces of bygone beauties.

Women now indulge their passion for buckles of all sorts and descriptions. They wear them large and small on their slippers, use jeweled ones for belts and hats, and are sure to devise some fetching use for those flecked with diamonds that have fastened their muff ribbons all winter.

Never were the bottles for their aromatic salts so rich and artistic. One, a really superb treasure, full six inches long, of rarest gold workmanship, has a big star ruby set in the bottom, and the sides are flecked with tiny tinted stones up to the top, in which a giant star sapphire glows. Another, designed for a spring bride, is of crystal entirely encircled with enameled forget-me-nots, and tied about the neck with a ribbon of diamonds.

There is nothing very new to say of fans, save comment upon one of the handsomest that has ever come into New York city. It is a French painting set in a frame of point lace, and mounted on intricately carved sticks of blond shell. It seems tame to tell of, but the glowing beauty of the water color, the delicacy of the lace, and wonder of the carving, give it the right to descend in some millionaire's family as a cherished heirloom.

PARASOLS

There are no very marked changes apparent this season, in these important adjuncts to feminine toilet. Invention has been concentrated upon a slight flattening of the shape, in the novelty of accessories, and in the material and workmanship of handles. Elegance in the matter of detail locates the standard of the woman of fashion, and the choice of her parasol handle is a proper criterion of her taste.

Quite the swellest creation of the manufacturers, this year, is the Club Coaching parasol in the Empire case. This case is distinctly new, and is made of the same material as the top, finished at either end with a puff confined with ribbons, wherein is concealed a dainty sachet. Plain bengalines, brocades in light tints, and failles with plain or flowered satin stripes, are the materials used. One of white faille striped with Nile green is made up in a ten-inch length on a short, natural Malacca stick. Two gilt rings are attached to the

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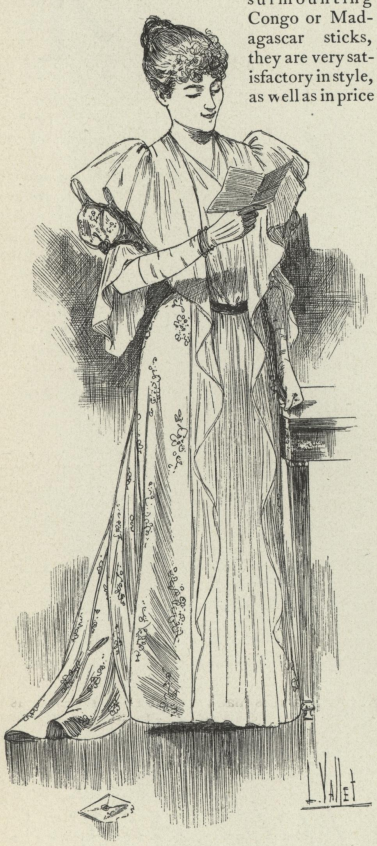
handle and through these a doubled loop of narrow white ribbon, finished with a flat passementerie tassel, is slipped. This is intended for suspension from the arm when not in use. Such parasols range from $3.50 to $10 in price. The plain bengalines of petunia, heliotrope, gold, white, sage green, or alternate cords of Gobelin blue and shrimp pink, will prove exceedingly acceptable for the club coaching designs. They have Dresden handles on white enameled sticks, tight cases to match the furled tops, ivory tips, covered ribs, and a bow of hemmed bengaline ornament the handle.

PART OF HER TROUSSEAU

Others, without cases, are shown in deep violet, daffodil, or rose, having the crook of the white handle enameled in color to match the top, and charmingly vignetted with Watteau scenes. These are obtainable for from $8.75 to $35. The "Rain or Shine" coaching parasols will be greatly in demand this summer for tourists to Chicago. In changeable surahs, or in plain dark blues and reds, with Dresden, agate, chrocidolite, or crystal balls, surmounting Congo or Madagascar sticks, they are very satisfactory in style, as well as in price—from $2.50 to $5. One in navy blue, having a blue pearl and silver handle, costs $18, and proves the fact that one can be as extravagant as Cleopatra in the detail of handles. For instance, a handsome silver handle costs $20, one of carved ivory $35, and another, of ivory and silver, $30. Good tortoise-shell ones can be bought for $15, and the exquisite bisque enamels on silver, anywhere from $4 to $20. The Dresden effects on metal, although mere imitations, are quite satisfactory, and far less expensive than the porcelain. Many of the latter are overlaid with a filagree of silver or gold, applied by electricity. This is also done upon glass, pearl, ivory, and rhinoceros horn, with equal success. Silver over vermilion glass, permitting the color to glow through the interstices, is excellent when made up with a claret colored gros-grain umbrella. A beautiful lemon-yellow mother-of-pearl handle, inlaid with gold, is noteworthy art, and is purchasable at $25. This should be used with a yellow bolting cloth top, having bands of openwork yellow lace, set transversely, and thickly sprinkled with gold spangles. Handles of hand-painted tusk, or those dyed to resemble stained meerschaum, are attached to the odorous violet wood in a novel fashion. Sticks of the Austrian wichsell are graduated from the end of the handle, where they form a convenient receptacle for fan or vinaigrette, and perhaps even a tiny comb or mirror.



HER NEWEST TEA GOWN

Owing to its flimsiness, chiffon is rarely used for covers. In ruffles and puffs, however, or in the full shirred effects, it is unapproachably diaphanous. The fad for transparency would seem to demand its exclusive use, but marceline silk, crêpe de chine or bolting cloth serves the purpose far better. As dainty as the fabric of a dream is a white bolting cloth parasol, appliquéd with point lace in cloud-like patterns, with painted cupids caught in a tangle of bow-knots, roses and forget-me-nots; a fitting toy for La Pompadour herself. This bit of art can be bought for $50.

An exquisite affair, designed to order for a débutante's first summer at Newport, is made of white chiffon sprinkled with crimson roses, put on very full over white bolting cloth. Another, of lavender chiffon over crêpe de chine, is charmingly finished with bunches of lilacs, natural enough to pluck. Black flowered grenadines are also made up in the chiffon manner, with star-shaped shirrings over a marceline foundation. A white faille parasol, striped with lavender and finished with lavender chiffon ruffles set on diagonally, has a white enameled shepherd crook stick and the Fox imported ribs of silver. It is purchasable for $16.50, and displays the new ribbon tassel, a noteworthy feature.

Hitherto, white parasols have found greatest favor in country places and at the sea-shore. But their appearance will be almost universal the coming summer whenever light toilettes are worn. There is an endless variety of these things prepared in ciffon, crêpe de chine, gros-grain, lace, and cupidon crêpe. Frequently the outside material is cut away to display insertions applied in squares or stars. What are known as "French cuts" have a perfectly flat top, like an eight-pointed canopy, and a transparent cover. One such, very fluffily trimmed with lace, costs $15.50. Ribbons are much used upon white parasols over a foundation of point d'esprit, and are vertically placed. The ombré velvet ribbons are thus charmingly applied; especially those in which the shading ranges from petunia to yellow, and back again to green. This effect is also noticeable in many of the chiffon affairs, and is intended to match costumes trimmed with similar velvet. Covers of single-piece lace in Duchesse, point appliqué, and various other costly laces, are now made up over bolting cloth or crêpe, and finished with handles of tortoise shell, silver imbedded with jewels, or pearl with filagreed gold. Those of escurial lace in black, white, and écru, are newly treated by the aid of velvet ribbons and Brussels net, accordeon-plaited. Never before have black parasols exhibited so many novel features, as those now on sale. One of black bolting cloth is profusely spangled with steel, and is an extremely becoming addition to a suitable toilette, at $30. Black striped moiré antique parasols, having handles made of small beads and cabochons of cut jet, set in ebony, can be had for $8.50. One of satin de Lyons, with the same handle, having two inserted bands of black bolting cloth, costs $12.75. For women of quiet tastes, plain gros-grain parasols, twenty-four inches in length, are being sold in black, white, écru and steel. These have twisted Whangee sticks, and can be bought for $4.50.

OFF FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

FOR THE AFTER-EASTER DANCING CLASS

So various is the treatment—in quality, quantity, color, and material—of these picturesque wares, that any attempt to particularize seems almost futile, save in the extremes of fashion.

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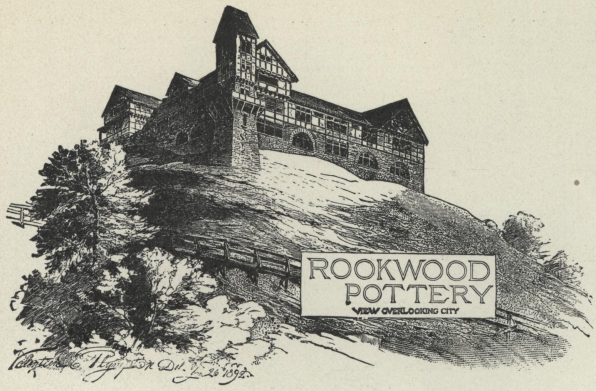

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FOR WEDDING GOWNS.

NEW SPRING SHADES
FOR HOUSE AND EVENING WEAR.

Broadway and 19th Street.

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VANITY FAIR

IT is quite a fashion of the day to use for the table colored and enameled glass, and some of the newest importations show Oriental and mediæval designs glistening with color and moulded in forms of exquisite beauty. Amber, ruby, opal and purple are among the colors, and many of the pieces are richly overlaid with gold and silver. A set of table glass recently seen is of the purest crystal striped with purple lines and starred with silver. The set includes fruit dishes resting upon carved silver stands surrounded by silver chains and tall lily-shaped vases for holding flowers.

One of the handsomest billiard rooms in New York has a ceiling of Moorish arches covered with aluminium which glitters like silver. Between, the arches, the spaces are in pale blue with silver stars. The walls are of Moorish fretwork in which panels of carved wood are set, and in lieu of windows there are thin medallions of onyx through which the daylight comes in softened rays. Rich hangings of Oriental tapestries drape the arched doorway which leads to the smoking room beyond, and there is a wide fire-place under an arch which is faced with Mexican onyx. Against the walls of the room are low Moorish divans covered with rich, dark-hued rugs, and plentifully supplied with soft cushions in bright tints. The billiard table is of wood to match the rest of the room, and is covered with a cloth of dull old blue. It is lighted by four lamps mounted in antique silver of Moorish design within which electric lights are concealed. The floor is covered by an Eastern matting giving the effect of mosaic tiles, and it is perhaps needless to say that there is plenty of space around the table to give ease and comfort to the players.

In place of the elaborate luncheon, which was simply a dinner served in the middle of the day, we now have the breakfast, the French déjeuner à la fourchette, which is rather a light repast than otherwise, at which light entrées are served, such as sweetbreads, chops, birds, pâtés and salads, followed by ices, fruits and coffee—white wines are the only ones served. A breakfast of this kind was given a few days ago by a young matron whose entertainments are always in good taste. The table was in white and green. Over the white linen cloth another of soft white silk was laid, plaited up here and there by sprays of green orchids and mignonnette. The effect of these little green bouquets was very pretty. In the centre of the table stood a tall flower-like vase of green crystal, filled with green orchids, lilies-of-the-valley and mignonnette. The glass upon the table was green overlaid with silver ornamentation. The china was white with a fern leaf pattern, and a bouquet of mignonnette, green orchids and lilies-of-the-valley was at each lady's place. The men had boutonnières of lilies-of-the-valley. A pretty gown was worn by the hostess. It was of white silk striped with green, and showing little green sprays in the white ground. The very full skirt standing out broadly at the bottom was trimmed with five rows of moss green velvet ribbon drawn up in the middle like a gathered ruche, and put on in wavy lines. The rows were six or eight inches apart. The corsage was in 1830 style with full drooping sleeves of moss green velvet, and a guimpe of white silk muslin gathered at the throat in a band and disappearing under the low bodice of the white and green silk. In her belt she wore a bouquet of green orchids and mignonnette. The guests admired the charming way in which the ices were served. A large open wicker basket of white sugar candy crystallized, was filled with ices in the form of white roses, each with a natural green stem and leaves. The high handle of the basket was twined with green satin ribbon ending in a large bow.

HORSE NOTES

SEcretary Greenwood, of the New York Driving Club, has announced that the entry list for the two, three and four-year-old events is very large. It is doubtful, however, if the stallion purse will fill. There is a possibility that several entries may come from California, and on that account the closing of the entries has been delayed. After the Pacific mail reaches this city the list will be made public.

During the Lenten season, when dancing is not permissible, riding comes in for much attention. While it is healthful, it also affords those who participate in it much pleasure. The Thursday Evening Riding Club, which meets at Dickel's Riding Academy every week, was organized about a month ago, for the purpose of whiling away the Lenten hours, and every meeting has been well attended. More than one hundred young women and men were present at last Thursday evening's meeting. The figures of the ride were pretty and well executed. Those who looked on from the balcony boxes had quite as much pleasure as the riders. Forming at the south end of the tanbark, the cavalcade came down through the centre by pairs. A circuit of the ring was made, and the riders came down by fours. At each circuit of the ring the rank was doubled until the finale, when they came down thirty-two abreast.

Mrs. George R. Schieffelin, Mrs. Charles Abercrombie, Mrs. Frederic J. de Peyster, Mrs. John A. Hadden, Jr., Mrs. Richard M. Pell, Mrs. Warren C. Beach, Mrs. Clement C. Moore, Mrs. Maturin Livingston and Mrs. Alexander R. Chrisolm, were among those who attended the meeting.

Pony Racing on Manhattan Field! Here will be an excellent opportunity for the hunting set, and for those who go in for swell turnouts and blooded steppers, to exhibit them before the gaze of an admiring public within the city limits. The American Hunt and Pony Racing Association will hold a five-days' meeting in the early part of June, on the Manhattan Field, where it is expected there will be a large number of visitors. The pony races draw a nice attendance from this city when held at Hempstead or on Staten Island, and many visitors from suburban towns will probably reciprocate by visiting the New York races.

The Atlantic transport steamship Massachusetts arrived from London recently, with thirty coach horses and two four-in-hand coaches, for use at the World's Fair. The coaches will run from the hotels to the exhibition grounds, and will be "tooled" by two professional "whips," James Moyven and Charles Fownes, who were passengers on the Massachusetts.

A well-known horseman of this city has invented a device for restraining bit-pulling horses. Most appliances of this kind torture the animal by cutting his mouth or inflicting other bodily pain. The new device is effective and painless. The bit is connected by a line with the horse's tail, and when the animal pulls the strain is on the roots of his tail.

The passage of the speedway bill by the Senate at Albany leaves no doubt that it will soon become a law. If the work on the speedway is rapidly pushed to completion New York horsemen will ask nothing better.

AS SEEN BY HIM

I Have just received from my London tailor some garments for spring wear. At my request he has also written me—indeed, he is quite an intelligent fellow for one of his craft—a few lines explaining the technicalities of the cuts. The morning or cutaway coat, it seems, differs very slightly from one he sent me some time earlier in the season. It is almost, in fact, of the same cut, as the one which I had made by my Fifth Avenue man, and which I have received very recently. The English say that American tailors purchase the very best cloth, and that their workmanship—and this is only admitted with much reluctance—shows more finish. I never patronize a London tailor who has many American customers. He begins to cater to the American trade, and he turns out poor imitations of the work of his western brethren. I have a London and a New York man, and patronize both about equally. But to return to my garments. My English coat has three buttons, and the skirts, if they can so be called in a cutaway, are quite long, the tail reaching a few inches above the calf of the leg. The collar is cut low enough so that when the coat is buttoned, at least one shirt button can be seen. The waistcoat is single breasted, and has a roll-and-step collar. The buttons are covered with cloth. The material of these garments, my tailor tells me, is black vicuna—whatever that may be. He has also sent me a frock coat, very long, the skirts reaching below the knee. The material is black cheviot, and there are three buttons.

Several pairs of trousers, which have come with these, are of cashmere and cheviot in small stripes. The trousers are not so wide as those of last year. He also tells me that the frock coat with long skirts is called the Chesterfield. Ribbed cheviot is the material most in vogue, and he considers a very smart coat, one which is made with velvet collar and cuffs. At Church Parade in the Park, the smartest men are wearing them. For day wear, collars are high with the points turned down. As the summer progresses the Prince's knot will give way to a plain bow of silk, simply arranged, after the manner of the tie used for dinner. In fact, a number of very swagger men have been wearing these all winter. They are in colored or in figured silks, and make a very pleasing showing. In point of buttoning or unbuttoning the Chesterfield coat, there seems still to be some difference of opinion. In New York any number of extremely well dressed men wear their coats unbuttoned.

I have also been sent some white ties to be adjusted in "butterfly" shapes for evening

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STUDIES IN SPRING HATS

LOUISE & CO.,

294 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,

LONDON, PARIS, BOSTON, CHICAGO.

NOTE.—The upper corners show two views of a Directoire Hat. The centre hat in three views is an Amazone. It is surrounded with six sketches of the Charlotte Corday. At the bottom are two views of a Four Cornered Hat.

[Correspondence may be addressed LOUISE & CO., 294 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.]

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wear. I believe I have mentioned these before. I saw a few of them at the Patriarchs. I do not like, however, any incursions into the realms of conventional evening dress. My tailor—who, as I have observed before, is quite a literary character in London—has forwarded to me a copy of an essay which he read before a learned society of his craftsmen on Trousers. It is really very interesting. Among the aphorisms quoted is the following: "Large men are difficult figures to cut for, and to do so successfully, requires a great amount of thought and study; we must remember that they walk with their legs more open, and also their position is more erect." In the debate which succeeded, a brother "artist" contradicted this statement and insisted that "stout men's legs are closer together." This is indeed a subject for reflection. I quite respect the man (in his place) for his research. And yet tailors like physicians must disagree. I believe—from what I can make out of the letter—the seance concluded with essays on Riding Breeches and Clerical Cassocks. I do not encourage my tailor to write me personal communications, but I think, you know, that if you show these fellows a little condescension sometimes, they feel vastly flattered and your position is too secure to suffer by it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

To the gentleman from Colorado, "Him" would say that the fad of wearing the lowest button of the waistcoat unbuttoned is one which is only indulged in with black waistcoats and evening dress. It is harmless and it has a raison d'être.

In the manner now in vogue of adjusting the Prince's knot, the placing of the scarf pin in the folds, or to be technical, in the apron beneath the knot, is for the purpose of holding the two flowing ends together, and hence it is very useful as well as ornamental. In regard to what the gentleman calls the "pique waistcoat edging," it can be worn with a cutaway or morning coat as well as with a frock or Prince Albert. As to points of collars being turned over, of course, it depends upon the style of the shirt which you wear. The present mode admits very high collars, straight, with the ends slightly open. You can also wear, although not so much in the fashion, but, nevtheless, permissible, collars with overturned laps.

"Cambridge" wants to know whether detachable collars and cuffs are ever admissible. "Him" always writes his personal opinion. However, in Vogue, page 188, Cambridge will find some words recommending under certain circumstances the use of detachable and reversible collars and cuffs. To what appeared there, "Him" would add more explicitly this advice. If you find that detached collars and cuffs are more convenient, be sure and purchase a good brand and one that is recommended by good authority. Also select a style which is in the present fashion. "Him," however, in the interest of personal comfort and sanitation, cannot sympathize with Cambridge's evident reluctance to put on fresh linen daily. There are but seven days in the week, and if "Cambridge" desires only to change his outward appearing and detachable linen twice a day, "Him" cannot conceive of a state of purse where the washing of seven garments would make a difference of any magnitude in the weekly expenditures of a gentleman. The old story in the etiquette book of the poor Welsh student who, writing home from school, begged his mother to send him eleven more shirts as every gentleman was expected to have twelve, might apply here. "Him" thanks Cambridge for his kind words.

H. G. Parsons, Kansas.—The Prince's knot is a method of arranging a tie. The scarf best suited for the purpose is called, I believe, the "Nelson" or scarf with flowing ends. I am sure any haberdasher in your city will supply you. The knot is tied after the principle of the old four-in-hand. It is, however, much smaller and tighter. the shape of the scarf which has one long and short wide flowing end, making this possible. If you are skilful one turn will produce a long narrow knot, with which you cannot help being pleased. The effect is extremely neat. The cravat pin is adjusted underneath the knot so as to hold the two ends together and prevent them from parting and thus showing your shirt bosom, after the manner of a pair of curtains. In adjusting your scarf pin, thrust it through the silk so that the "pin" part of it as well as the jeweled head can be seen. Some men put the pin through the knot at its lower end and then again through the folds. The scarf is sold in all possible combinations. Only buy those which you tie yourself, as I believe a made up one is already on the market. There are some beauties in white silk or foulards with raised white or small colored figures. Those in white and lavender or purple with violets are very chic.

TO "HIM"

Observing your kindness in answering so fully all the inquiries of your "Kentucky friend," I beg to ask a few questions on my own behalf. First, you speak so particularly concerning the perfect fit of white waistcoats. Do you think it would be conducive to their better fitting for a man to wear corsets, and are they worn?

Also, where and in what way are "crush" hats worn? I presume they are now taking the place of derbys.

In having crests on writing paper, is it the thing to have the crest in the corner for men, or the centre, as seems to be the prevailing fashion among ladies?

I wish to say, my dear sir, that I have been greatly interested in your articles in Vogue.

H. R. V. R.

"Him" is somewhat puzzled in answering this very courteous letter. The first query is a staggerer. "Him" has never, and he hopes he never will wear corsets. He has heard that there are men who resort to stays for the perfecting of their figures, but in making inquiries he has not been able either to locate the wearer or the shopkeeper who supplies the article. A good tailor should give you an almost perfect fit in a waistcoat, though I confess the white waistcoat is a staggerer. Still, tailors of today do not base their judgment merely upon experience and the "rock of eye." I believe they study cutting from a scientific standpoint, with geometry and mathematics, allied to the principles tested by a scientific experience.

In the German army, I have heard that corsets are a necessity. In Germany there may be an excuse for wearing them.

For some inexplicable reason, Americans do not use the crush hat. In London and on the Continent it is much in vogue, and in New York it is again coming into fashion, with the increase of numerous crowded functions of the season. Never, whatever you do, use your crush hat for a top one during the day. It is to be worn at night only. You may wear a derby with a morning or sack suit, but not with what the English call a morning coat—i. e., a cutaway. Crests should be about an inch from the top and in the centre of your writing paper.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

On page 223 is a short walking costume of black satin, showing a glimpse now and then of a crimson silk petticoat. The skirt of the gown is very full and finished with a ruche of black satin around the bottom. The corsage opens over a vest of crimson silk with a black velvet collar. The full sleeves are of black satin, showing a crimson tight sleeve beneath. The open corsage is edged by a wide graduated ruffle of dark crimson crêpe de chine. The large hat is of black straw, with a bunch of crimson roses in front.

Figure on page 229 wears frock coat of rough gray cheviot and cravat of dark blue silk. Trousers of gray, with narrow black lines forming stripes, gray gaiters and carnation boutonnière.

The man on horseback, in the frontispiece, wears a black cutaway coat and park trousers of dark blue cloth, strapped down over the shoes; high silk hat. The young woman is dressed in a skirt and coat of light gray cloth, with double-breasted waistcoat of white duck and white cravat; black silk hat.

The costume on page 227 is of shell pink gauze, worn over an underdress of white satin. The sash is of apricot shot silk, tied in an immense bow. The décolleté corsage is cut V shape, and the short sleeves are formed by two double ruffles of the gauze put on an undersleeve of white satin. Pearl comb in the hair.

The pretty woman at the stile (page 219) is dressed in mignonnette striped wool crêpe. The skirt is full at the back. There is a gathered belt of the crêpe, and from the elbow down the sleeves are of the same material. The corsage is of olive green satin, with revers of velvet, and there are full balloon sleeves of the satin, terminating in a narrow ruffle just above the elbow. Hat of mignonnette colored tulle, trimmed with olive green plumes and gold buckles.

A short skirt of Havana brown satin, made in the triangular form so popular just now and perfectly plain. The corsage is of pale yellow crêpe de chine, crossed over the bosom and finished in front with a bow of ribbon of the same color. The full puffed sleeves reach the elbow and are trimmed with a ruffle, and there are epaulettes of black guipure lace, with bronze, amber and gold threads in the pattern. A band of brown velvet clasped with gold encircles the throat, and there is a tiny bonnet of yellow crêpe, with lace bow to match the lace epaulettes. (Page 220.)

The ball gown worn by the central figure in the butterfly procession (pages 224, 225), is of rich white satin, the gored skirt having a trimming of white chiffon ruffles placed one upon the other, so as to give a bouffant effect.

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1893 PARASOLS, FROM AMASA LYON & CO.

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The low corsage is outlined in black velvet and draped by graduated rows of pearls. The balloon sleeves are of black velvet, and are finished on the shoulders by butterfly bows of black lace. A Watteau of black lace falls from the shoulders behind and reaches the ground. In the hair is a flexible band of gold with jeweled butterfly.

The figure with the cup of tea wears a spring jacket of heliotrope cloth with four graduated capes edged with gold braid, the pockets and cuffs show the same edging. The poke bonnet is of heliotrope straw trimmed with black velvet and heliotrope plumes. To the right is a pretty early summer costume of écru colored bengaline, the skirt trimmed with rows of écru lace insertion, each row surmounted by a row of narrow brown velvet ribbon. The collar and belt are of brown velvet. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves are of the écru bengaline and have deep cuffs of écru guipure and there is a fall of écru lace over the shoulders graduating in width down to the waist line.

On page 221 is shown a costume worn by Mlle. Demarry in Les Amants Légitimes, Gymnase Theatre; necklace, eight rows of pearls; yellow straw hat, very flat; immense bow buttercup color. A rosette of rose colored ribbon under the brim near the hair at the back. Another one in green at the left side in front. A guimpe of cream lace veils the low-cut corsage. A scarf of rose colored tulle crossed in front and ending on the left side in a bow of Venetian red velvet. This rather small bow is repeated twice upon the skirt, each one larger than the other. The belt is of gold and pearls. The skirt, bodice and sleeves are of thin summer material in cream color with bouquets of roses. Two full ruches form the trimming of the skirt, which is very wide at the bottom according to the mode now in vogue.

In the outdoor costumes shown on page 7 of this supplement, the upper figure on the plate wears a jacket of black cloth, with embroidered vest. The cape, which is not very full, is of black velvet, and has a band of embroidery over each shoulder. The collar and sleeves also have touches of embroidery, and the hat is of black and gold, with some pale pink in it. A gown of Scotch sacking, woven in fancy colored threads (the latest material for serviceable walking dresses), is worn by the second figure. The corselet and band around the skirt are of dark brown velvet, and the sleeves are made with three deep ruffles reaching to the elbows. The little bonnet has a bullion crown, with two little twists of brown velvet around the brim and a gold and brown aigrette in front.

The charming tea gown in the plate, signed by M. Vallet and shown on page 7, is in pale lime green brocade shot with white, the apple blossom design of which is copied from a silk of the 1830 period. It is worn over a corsage and skirt of apple blossom pink China silk, plaited very closely and hanging in soft lines to the ground. The corsage is simply crossed in front, and the outer dress is trimmed with a fichu of pale green mousseline de soie, hanging in a deep frill over the puffed sleeves and ending in a jabot, which continues below the waist line and forms a trimming on each side of the gown. The sleeves are made of the brocade and are finished by a deep ruffle of mousseline de soie. There is a slight train to the gown, which is lined with bright apple blossom satin, and the narrow girdle and bands around the sleeves are made of lime green velvet.

WHAT MEN WILL WEAR

THIS spring, the fashions for men are much more conservative. There are really but few radical departures from the styles of last year, and these reach us in such a modified form that they seem to be more variations than changes. A talk by a Vogue representative with the leading tailors, hatters, haberdashers and shoemakers in the city, has given the following results.

SUITINGS

Men will dress very quietly this season. Dark and subdued colors will be the vogue. They will be careful to avoid anything that is outré or conspicuous. Here is a new lounging suit for Newport. This is for the morning. It is made of that rough cloth known as lambswool or Shetland, in a black and white mixture. The coat is single breasted, it is a lounge or sack coat. Here is also another lounging suit made of a dark tweed mixture. As can be seen, both costumes are very subdued in color, black being the foundation. The afternoon or walking coat has three buttons. This is called a morning coat in London, because the morning really begins for men of leisure at the English capital at about two o'clock in the afternoon. In this country we also call this style of coat the cutaway.

This coat was made of black vicuna, a species of Shetland, and Vogue also was shown others in the Oxford and Cambridge mixture, the rough mixed material, now so fashionable. The frock coat is made in the prevailing style. The skirts are long and it altogether has somewhat the appearance of those seen in old fashion plates and which were worn by our grandfathers in 1830. The material, of course, is the Oxford and Cambridge mixture. Black cheviot, Shetland and the ever popular vicuna are also favorite materials. It will be worn unbuttoned. Some trousers shown Vogue were in plaids and stripes. Cashmere is the leading material. The style is leaning towards the old "peg top." The trousers are narrower at the bottom and become wider at the top. There are two new evening suits in this wardrobe. The Cowes coat, called in this country either the Tuxedo or smoking jacket, has undergone some modification. There is less collar and less roll to it. The evening or "swallow tail" coat is fairly long, and well into the figure at the side. The collar is of course of silk, and the garment fits so snugly that it seems to have been borrowed from the time when George IV, the first gentleman in Europe, was reigning sovereign of Great Britain. There is a tendency towards double breasted white waistcoats. These are made to fit so well, that the whole effect of the evening suit is to give the impression that the wearer is using stays. This is not the case.

In morning lounging suits of flannel, there are several very pretty ones made of striped goods, the stripes very small and the colors black and white. There are also some blue and white; and one suit of the pure color itself. The day of the blazer is over, and these neat costumes are indeed artistic successors to those nightmares of glaring color. The black diagonal frock coat has been laid aside. Diagonals are out of the race entirely.

White duck for trousers for lounging and yachting is extremely popular and will be a formidable rival of flannels. A serge jacket and waistcoat with white duck trousers is considered just the thing for yachting.

[The suitings mentioned above are purchasable of Twyeffort.]

HABERDASHERY

The season is so early that except in shirtings the haberdashers are unable to give much information about the coming fashions. In colored shirtings, pinks and blues with turn down collars are the favorites. The materials used are percale, Madras, Oxford, Newmarket and Cheviot. Although solid colors are the favorites, small stripes of blue or pink on a white ground are much in demand. There seems to be but little call for any colors except blue and pink. A pink striped shirt, worn with a white serge suit, tan shoes, and a pink gardenia in the buttonhole is considered very smart. Shirts are made with two buttons and not three as formerly. The very chic shirts are also made with white standing collars, but with cuffs of the same material as the shirt and not detachable. Among the best shirt makers the stripes are made to run around on the sleeves and not lengthwise.

The colored sash has disappeared. It was an abomination from the first, and its demise is an untold relief. Leather belts may be worn, but the silk waistcoat substitute is not good form.

The small selfmade tie in foulard and soft silks of various colors figured and otherwise, is the proper thing for the summer. In fact they are worn altogether in London as the weather is growing warmer. They are tied just as the evening neckwear, and are very chic. They are popularly known as love knots. The flowing scarf tied with the Prince's knot will remain in favor for early spring. These two styles of neckwear will lead. The Ascot and plain four-in-hand are not in vogue.

For plain white shirts, collars are high with overturning laps for summer wear. The tall straight collar with the slightly turned over ends will be popular for evening wear until summer.

Plain black hose will be worn with evening dress. Dark colored hose and soft grays, and solid colors will be worn with other costumes.

HATS

Hatters have just received their spring styles, but summer fashions in straw will not be ready until later. The season, on account of its severity, has been a little backward. The silk hat has the usual "curly brim" slightly pointed in the front and back. It is, in fact, a revival of the fashion of 1830. The derbys are a little flatter in crown and those in tans are slightly pointed in front and behind.

The soft hat will again be worn during the summer. As usual there is a great variety of shades, but the style of the shape remains about the same. Of course they are only to be worn with lounging suits.

SHOES

Shapes are about the same. The English last, very pointed, in patent leathers and in plain, is the favorite. In tan shoes, the darker shades, not too highly polished, will be much

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worn. A handsome tan shoe has silk laces of a darker shade than the leather. The toe is slightly rounded but still more pointed than square in shape. The curve is still the line of beauty in shoes. Tan shoes are to be worn in the country, and only in the city when men come in from the seaside and the mountains for a few hours. Lounging suits must accompany tan shoes. The fashion of wearing this foot gear in bad weather in the city is not good form.

A PARIS LETTER TO ALICE

DEAR ALICE:

EVerywhere it is the fashion to be musical, but "on potine" as well. You are too familiar with our language, or rather our "slang," my dear friend, not to know the exact meaning of "potiner" which is neither always synonymous with "chanter" nor yet indicates "méchanceté." We "potine," then, at the Countess Vilain's both in applauding ideal melodies and unmusical harmonies.

In the mean time, in spite of the backwardness of the season, the Wednesdays of Mme. Edouard Colonne are always crowded. Her acknowledged talent as a stylistic singer, the high position of her husband in the artistic world, unite to make her salon the resort of all the celebrities, and when you give me the pleasure of seeing you again in Paris, I shall be very happy, my dear Annie, to present you to this most charming woman. The foreigners who have done us the honor of making a sojourn among us, but who have not provided themselves with letters of introduction, and who live in hotels, obtain no knowledge of Paris or of French Society. They know our capital only in its exterior aspects in certain of its better quarters, but they remain ignorant of our manner of life, our habit of thought, and the character of those populous parts of the city so interesting and requisite in the just estimation of a nation to one who ardently desires to know it, and to be in a position to weigh the facts which constitute its history. Throughout the world the finer parts of great cities present striking resemblances. Steam possesses the single drawback of having produced a uniformity in customs, as witness the manner of laying our streets and the construction of buildings. But the old quarters have, on the contrary, preserved their individuality; and this it is which makes them so interesting for those who can decipher their obscure story written in the stone, the iron, and oftentimes in allegorical sculpture; in their treatment of air and light, the disposal of their occupants and the possession, it may be at the end of a narrow court, of architectural beauties, although the exterior facing the street presents the least imposing appearance.

As an instance of this I will tell you of a recent experiment of mine. Some Americans, adrift in Paris, being commended to my kindly offices by mutual friends, I took them to see that dear old part of the city where I was born, and which I love as one always loves whatever recalls a happy childhood. Of the remaining parts I showed them Belleville, Montmartre, the market gardens and all the curious, out-of-the-way quarters. They would not, I thought, require my services in order to become familiar with the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, the boulevards and the rue de la Paix; the nearest cab-driver could take them there at once. And my delightful guests were of the same opinion. They left Paris, especially the ladies, so much the more enchanted because, as they belong to the world of letters, they were returning to their own vast native land the better able to converse regarding France, from the fact that I had procured them the entrée to a few salons not ordinarily easy of access to foreigners.

Before bringing my gossiping to a close, I must tell you of a visit I paid the other day to one of my friends whose son is at present attaché of the English Legation at Washington, a most agreeable man, whose house is a perfect museum—Mr. Butterfield.

A lover of art, he gives it generous support and encourages those among the young artists who have real talent. Upon his walls are to be found several of the canvases of Enrico Serra, a Spanish painter whose fame will outlive him, and the only one of whose works one has been hung during the lifetime of the artist in the famous Vatican gallery. The Pope, who places the highest value upon this painter's Vierge de Repole, is about to make the picture famous. Wishing to testify his appreciation to the Queen Regent, who presented him on the occasion of his Jubilee with a souvenir of great value, he is having this picture copied in mosaic as a gift to the widow of Alfonso XII. Although this work has been in progress for five years it is not yet completed. The greater part, however, is finished, and the privileged few who have been admitted to view it are enthusiastic in its praise. Another painting by this artist is in the basillica of St. Peter's. This also, which is known as the Vierge Monserrat, was painted by command of Leo XIII.

The gallery of Mr. Butterfield contains six canvases by this young artist who has spent the, last fourteen years at Rome, where he was at first a pensioner of the same individuals who formerly extended their protection to Fortuny. We are promised that he will exhibit next year at the Champ de Mars. Already the connoisseurs are congratulating themselves upon the prospect, and it may be predicted that Enrico Serra will be all the rage.

Besides these works a portrait of Diaz must not be forgotten, or the superb pieces of furniture, which would do honor to any museum. Several of these belonged to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; another, of ebony all encrusted with ivory, was presented by the Emperor to the Duke de Morny on the occasion of his marriage.

I could describe to you a clock once belonging to Louis XVI, bronzes, Sèvres and Dresden china, bibelots of all sorts and sources, each with a history, which was related to us in the most entertaining as well as obliging manner by the host, a veritable gentleman of the old school. But I pause spell-bound before a medallion mirror of superb design. This is the only existing one of its kind, and no museum, however richly endowed, possesses a duplicate.

This mirror of rock crystal was made by order of the King for Ninon Le Lenclos; and, upon a medallion inserted in the frame, itself entirely of sculptured rock crystal, are the name, date, and an inscription proving beyond question its origin and authenticity. This superb frame is composed of intertwined flowers, leaves, fruits and birds, in a luxuriance of detail which baffles description, at least, by a pen so illy qualified as mine. Mr. Butterfield discovered the mirror embellishing the walls of a London banking-house, in so dilapidated a condition that more than a year was consumed by an expert artist in its restoration.

Two other mirrors, forming a pair, sculptured and mounted in silver gilt frames, are also very beautiful, and of the same period. The lovely Ninon found no number of mirrors too great in which to admire herself.

It is impossible to leave the hospitable roof of Mr. Butterfield without remarking a statue of Napoleon I, and a bust of the master of the house, true to the life. His secretary, Mr. Deheza, assists him ably in doing the honors of his "home." This gentleman is a musician of talent and the possessor of a fine voice; he sings delightfully and with much success in Parisian salons.

But I must not write more, my deat Alice, although I still have many things to tell you. I shall reserve them for another letter, as this one has already nearly assumed the proportions of a journal. Berthe de P.

MARRIED

SWANN—STEVENS.—On Tuesday, March 21, at Grace Church Chantry, New York, by the Rev. U. T. Tracy of Garden City Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. G. H. Bottome, assistant clergyman of Grace Church, Capt. Harington Swann of the British Army, to Frances Gallatin, daughter of Alexander H. Stevens.

DIED

VANDERBILT.—On Sunday, March 19, 1893, of heart failure, Capt. Jacob H. Vanderbilt, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.
Funeral services held at St. John's Church, Clifton, S. I., on Wednesday, March 22d, at half-past two P. M.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Saale, March 18, 1893.—Mr. Thomas Biddle, Mr. W. W. Fletcher, Mr. W. H. Hardy.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Werra, March 18, 1893.—Mr. C. F. Ayer, Mrs. Admiral Baldwin, Mr. Elliot Gregory, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Mr. A. D. Campbell, Mr. Robert M. Cheeseborough, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Parker.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Bourgogne, March 18, 1893.—Mrs. G. H. Bend, Miss A. Bend, Mrs. J. T. Burden, Miss Burden, Mrs. Griswold Gray, Miss Ethel Irvin, Mr. M. L. Hillhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Douglas Sloane, the Misses Sloane, Miss Edith Shepard, Mrs. A. Van Rensselaer, Miss Van Rensselaer, Mr. A. White, Mr. Maurice Wormser.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Germanic, March 15, 1893.—Rev. Canon Bullock, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. John Forbes, Mr. Edward Litchfield, Mrs. Litchfield, Mr. N. L. Phipps, Mrs. Phipps, Mr. A. H. Stevens, Mr. F. L. Wendell.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Aurania, March 18, 1893.—Mr. A. Lauderdale Duncan, Mr. John W. Holmes, Mr. James Laurence.

Arrived in New York, S. S. La Champagne, March 19, 1893.—Mr. Coolidge, Miss Coolidge, Mr. J. King, Mrs. King, Mr. A. F. Benson.

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NEW GOWNS AND SPRING GOODS

THE management of Vogue regards this first special number with no little satisfaction, for it must be apparent to anyone who examines it critically that the evidences of prosperity are unmistakable. It is a large number, in order to provide room for the text and drawings necessary for an adequate presentation of the fashions and admit the extraordinary number of advertisements.

Illustrated advertisements are a distinct specialty with Vogue, and bear close study for their typographical effect, their picturesque interest and their direct utility to readers. That of Messrs. Henry Newman & Co. shows the effect of hair cloth as a practical substitute for crinoline, giving fullness and character to a gown without the use of hoops. Messrs. B. Altman & Co. show a gown typical of the season. It is at least seven yards round in the skirt, the neck cut quite low, and the sleeves large and drooping. Messrs. Hilton, Hughes & Co. have a morning house gown for a mother. Besides these, there are numerous other interesting advertisements.

The United States cover extensive territory, but the post office and telegraph put all in quick communication with the merchants of its large cities. In correspondence, however, it is most satisfactory to the advertiser to have Vogue referred to.

EASTER.

Fancy Goods Department

Among the articles, peculiarly appropriate in design and utility, to be found in the EASTER DISPLAY of this department are:

Gold and Silver Crucifixes, Crosses, Prayer Book Markers; Rosaries with Silver, Gold and Garnet Beads; Egg Pin Cushions; Russian Egg Cups.

Glove Buttoners, Brooches, Hat Pins, etc., with Hyacinths, Violets, and other flowers in enameling.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Union Square, New York.

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K. J. COLLINS,
Designing Rooms, 28 and 30 W. Twenty-third Street, N. Y.

MME. A. MONTEVERDE,
ROBES AND MANTEAUX,
295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
Takes occasion to announce that her season's styles for coming Spring of '93 have been received.
The patronage of discriminating ladies is solicited with the fullest guarantee of satisfaction.

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"I SAY IT'S A MULE."

IT'S A MULE.

KRAKAUER,
LADIES' TAILOR

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

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I TAKE pleasure in announcing my removal to more commodious quarters at
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Very respectfully,
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NOTHING CRUDE OR IMMATURE GOES FROM OUR ESTABLISHMENT. CRITICAL EXAMINATION IS CORDIALLY INVITED. OUR ASSORTMENT INCLUDES NOVELTIES AND BIJOUTERIE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS ALSO A MOST COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF STANDARD ARTICLES OF HOUSEHOLD USE AND ORNAMENT.

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STYLISH STREET, CARRIAGE AND DINNER GOWNS

NOVELTIES IN ADVANCE IMPORTATIONS. SPRING SILKS

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Have received their first shipments of this season's importations of

LADIES' COSTUMES, HATS, BONNETS

AND CHOICE LINES OF

SILKS, VELVETS, LACES AND TRIMMINGS

18TH—19TH STREETS—SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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